She is a rock on which
The gallant hearts of men
Shatter themselves and sink
And never rise again.

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"LOVE, NAME THE DAY?"

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PALETTE AND BRUSH ON THE STAGE

Photo, R. Thomas.

MARGARET HALSTAN.

She is an extremely gifted young lady, Miss Halstan. A capable actress to begin with, she is greatly in demand, both in English and German companies, for she possesses the very rare gift of being able to speak the two languages as perfectly as a native. Painting with her is a recreation; but had she not succeeded on the stage, there is no doubt she would have become a professional artist, and a successful one at that.

Mrs. RALPH C. BATLEY.

It was in "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" that Miss Terry-Lewis made her most brilliantly successful theatrical *coup*. But the greatest achievement of her life was as an artist rather than as an actress. She received special permission to paint a miniature of Prince Edward of Wales. The little boy being too young at the time to sit still for long, Miss Terry-Lewis used to watch him playing in the gardens of Marlborough House, and take mental notes of his features.

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WEEDON GROSSMITH.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith has exhibited pictures on the line at the Royal Academy and deserves to rank as a noted artist. He first studied at the Portland Road Branch of the South Kensington School of Art and passed on to the Royal Academy School. After a five years' course there he entered the Slade School and worked under Sir E. J. Poynter, finally starting "on his own" as a portrait painter, and setting up a studio in Harley Street. Although fairly successful, especially with childrens' portraits, he failed to realise his ambitions, and went on the stage, with which his name is now chiefly connected. His tage career has been brilliantly prosperous and the name of "Grossmith" is one to conjure by.

FRANK WYATT.

He never dreamed of going on the stage when he was quite a young man. It was art then and nothing but art, of which he made a very good thing, working especially for the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. It was only later on that he became an actor, and a very successful one to boot. He can sing and he can dance; his acting is delightful, and, to crown the list of his accomplishments, he is a very shrewd business man.

FRANK COOPER.

He is directly descended, on his mother's side, from the great Mrs. Siddons, so that his acting capacities are easily accounted for. Where he got his considerable artistic ability from is impossible to say. In any case it stands him in good stead when out of an engagement. It's pencil and brush then—and he makes them pay.

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GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

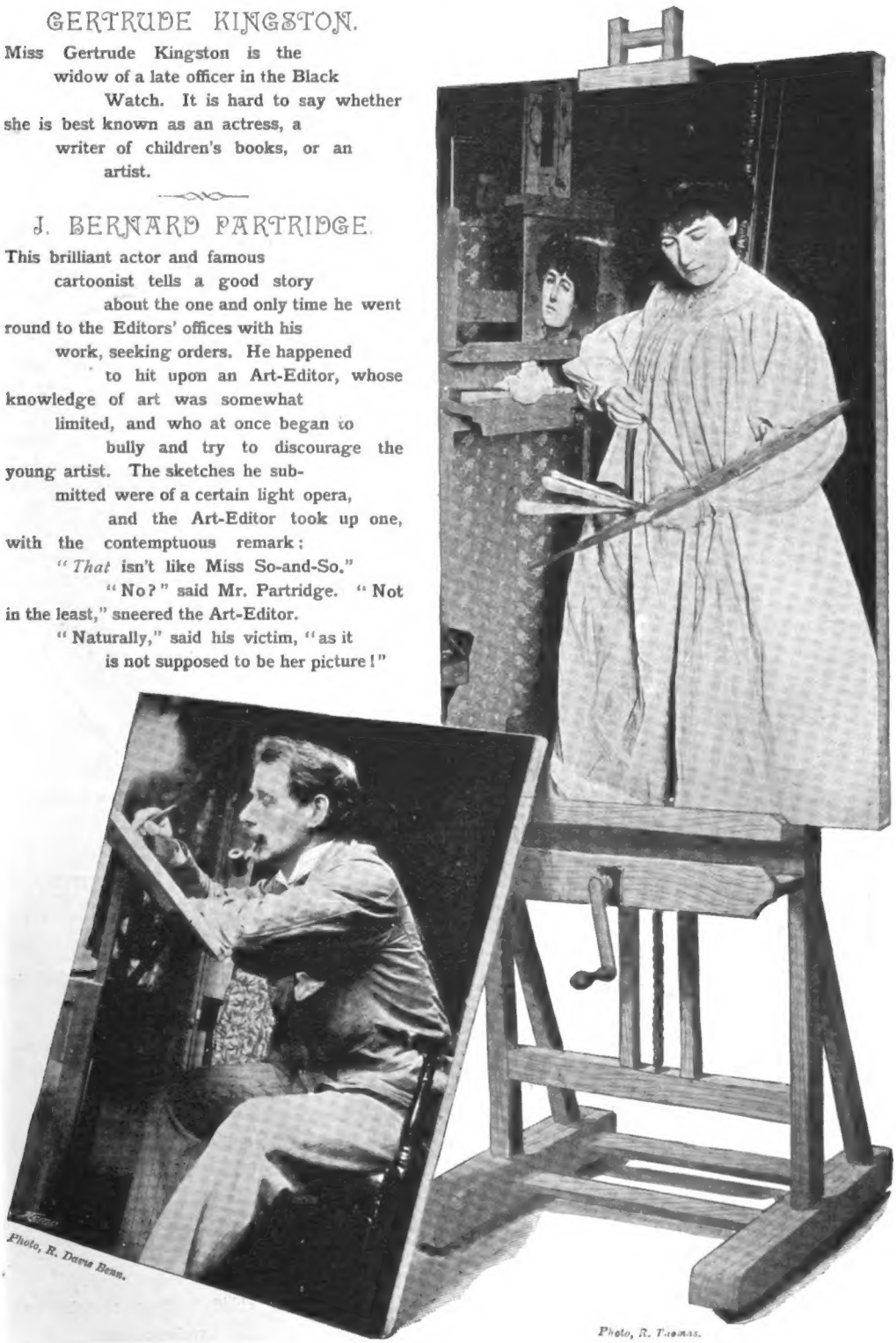
Miss Gertrude Kingston is the widow of a late officer in the Black Watch. It is hard to say whether she is best known as an actress, a writer of children's books, or an artist.

J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

This brilliant actor and famous cartoonist tells a good story about the one and only time he went round to the Editors' offices with his work, seeking orders. He happened to hit upon an Art-Editor, whose knowledge of art was somewhat limited, and who at once began to bully and try to discourage the young artist. The sketches he submitted were of a certain light opera, and the Art-Editor took up one, with the contemptuous remark:

"*That* isn't like Miss So-and-So."

"No?" said Mr. Partridge. "Not in the least," sneered the Art-Editor.

"Naturally," said his victim, "as it is not supposed to be her picture!"

Photo, R. Davis Benn.

Photo, R. Thomas.

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ETHEL WARWICK.

It was only after much doubt and reflection that Miss Warwick abandoned art for the stage. And certainly she has justified her final decision. She might or might not have made her way as an artist; her gifts were certainly above the average, but as an actress she came rapidly to the front under the powerful guiding hand of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Perhaps no actress is so admired for her exquisite face and figure by our foremost painters, who are always imploring her to sit for them.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

HOLMAN CLARKE.

Mr. Cyril Maude's dressing-room is adorned with some clever sketches in grease paint, by Mr. Holman Clarke, of himself and Mr. Maude in "A Marriage of Convenience." Mr. Clarke is a most accomplished artist, and when he was a member of the O.U.D.S., he designed the scenery for that society's production of "King John" and other Shakesperian plays. He now devotes himself chiefly to pencil sketches and water-colours.

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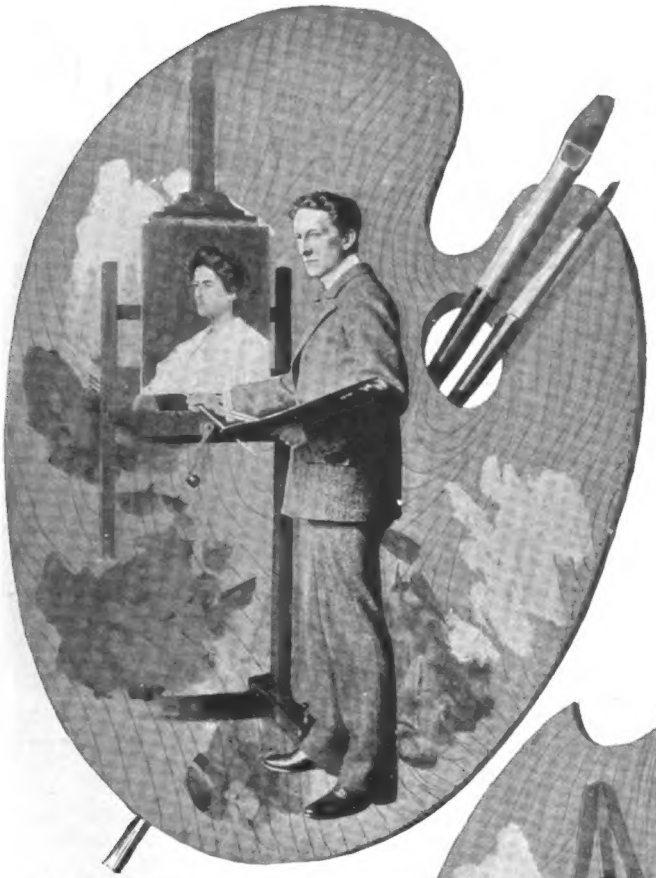

Photos: E. Thomas.

FORBES ROBERTSON.

Foremost among our actor-artists is Mr. Forbes Robertson, whose picture, the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," had a show all to itself in Bond Street. The entire Lyceum company sat for their portraits in it, and the picture has been very successfully and effectively engraved. If he had chosen to devote his entire energies to painting, he would, undoubtedly, have won his laurels as well and as easily as he has won them on the stage. His father was a well-known art-critic and author, and he himself was reared in an atmosphere of art and entered the Royal Academy School as a student, intending to eventually become an artist. The attraction of the stage, however, proved too strong, and even while studying painting he was rehearsing hard for the drama.

G. P. HUNTLEY.

Mr. G. P. Huntley, our king of comedians, just as Mr. Forbes Robertson is our king of tragedians, is also very deft with his brush and colours. He is a much-travelled man, and has studied the North American Indian in his own country and made sketches of outlandish places and objects in all parts of the world. His paintings of Indian subjects are specially successful, and he spends most of his spare time at his easel.

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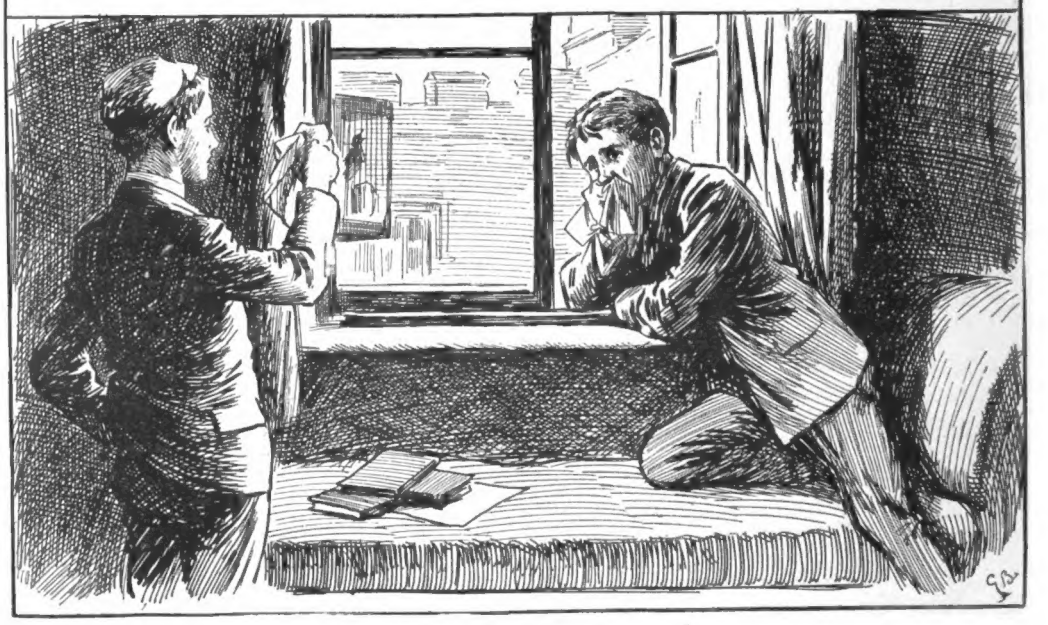
HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT



A School Story.

By P. G. Wodehouse.

In most of the houses at Wrykyn boys who had been at the school two years, and who were consequently in a sort of transition stage between fags and human beings, shared studies in couples. The fags "pigged" in a body in a common room of their own.

This rule was pleasant enough, provided you got a study-companion of tastes and habits similar to your own. But it often happened that, once in your study, an apparently perfect individual developed some deadly trait, such as a dislike for "brewing" or a taste for æsthetic furniture, and then life on the two-in-a-study system became troubled.

Liss and Buxton shared study eight at Appleby's. For some time all went well. They had much in common with one another. It is true that they were not in the same form, which is what usually cements alliances of this sort, Liss being in the Upper Fourth and Buxton in the Lower Fifth.

But otherwise the understanding seemed perfect. Both did a moderate amount of work, and both were perfectly willing to stop at a moment's notice, in order to play stump cricket or "soccer" in the passage. Liss collected stamps; so did Buxton. Buxton owned a Dr. Giles's crib to the play of "Euripides," which the Upper Fourth were translating that term. Liss replied with a Bohn's "Livy," Book One. "Livy," Book One, was what the Lower Fifth were murdering. In short, all Nature may be said to have been at first one vast substantial smile.

An ideal state of things, but one that was not destined to last.

Liss came back from school one afternoon, entered his study, and threw his books down on the table. Then he sniffed in a startled manner. The first sniff proving unsatisfactory, he encored himself. He was embarking on a third, when Buxton came in. It seemed to Liss that the aroma became stronger on his entry.

"Why, I believe it's you!" he cried.

"What's up now?" asked Buxton.

"Beastly smell somewhere. I was trying to find where it came from."

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"Oh, *that!*" said Buxton, "that's all right. It's only some stuff I've got on my handkerchief. The man at the shop called it *Simpkins Idle Moments*. Don't you like it?"

Liss flung open the window, and leaned out as far as he could with safety, breathing hard.

"It's not bad when you get used to it," said Buxton. Liss, having fortified himself with a stock of fresh air, wriggled back into the study and directed an indignant glance at his friend.

"It's beastly," he said. "It's the sort of stuff an office-boy out for Bank Holiday uses."

"Oh, no," said Buxton deprecatingly. "think it's rather pleasant myself."

"But what do you want to do it *for?*" inquired Liss. "You make me sick."

"Sorry for that. The man I want it to do that to is Day."

Mr. Day was the master of the Lower Fifth.

"The fact is," proceeded Buxton, in the manner of the man who says to the hero of the melodrama, "sit down, and I will tell ye the story of me life," "I've been having rather a row with Day. He shoved me into extra last Wednesday for doing practically nothing. It wasn't *my* fault that the bit of paper hit him; I was aiming at Smith, and he strolled into the zone of fire just as I shot. I told him I was sorry, too. Well, anyway, he jammed me in extra and yesterday he slanged me about my Latin prose before the whole form, so I thought this was getting a bit too thick, so I thought something had got to be done. So I thought it over a good time, and at last I thought it would be a sound idea if I came into the form-room with some scent on me. Day bars scent awfully, you know."

"So do I," said Liss coldly.

"Calls it clarified fat," continued Buxton, "and that kind of thing, and says using it's a filthy and effete habit only worthy of a degenerate sybarite!"

"So it is," said Liss.

"Well, it acted splendidly. I sat tight, you know, waiting for developments. I could see him getting restive, and peering round the room over his spectacles, and then he spotted me. I don't know how.

"'Boy,' he said, 'what—*what* is this abomination on your handkerchief?'"

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"He glared at me for a second; then he said, 'Buxton.'

"'Yes, sir,' I said.

"He beckoned me solemnly and I went up. When I got to his desk he took me by the tip of the ear and examined me.

"'Boy,' he said, 'what—*what* is this abomination on your handkerchief?'

"'*Simpkins Idle Moments*, sir,' I said.

"The chaps yelled.

"'A scent, I presume?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And will you kindly inform me, Buxton, for what reason you have adopted this clarified fat?'

"I told him that it was for the good of my health. I said doctors recommended it.

"'Boy,' he said, 'your story leaves me sceptical. I do not credit it. Go to your seat. Pah! Throw open the door and all the windows. Buxton, translate from "Ille tamen—" and do not dare to enter this room in such a state to-morrow.'

"I went on to translate, and got ploughed, of course. He gave me the lesson to write out."

"Serve you jolly well right," said Liss.

"I don't think it would be safe," said Buxton, "to try him again with *Simpkins* after what he said."

"I should think not," said Liss.

"So," continued Buxton triumphantly, "I'm going to appear to-morrow in—(here, regardless of his friend's look of disgust, he drew a small bottle from his pocket and examined the label)—in 'Riggles's Rose of the Hills.' That'll make him sit up. And, curiously enough, doctors say it's very nearly as good for you as *Simpkins* would be."

When the somewhat searching perfume of Riggles's masterpiece reached Mr. Day on the following morning, he stiffened in his chair.

"Boy!" he shouted. With the natural result that all the form except Buxton looked up. Buxton was apparently too busy with his work to spare a moment.

"Come *here*, Buxton," added Mr. Day.

Buxton advanced to the desk with the firm step that tells of an easy conscience.

"In spite of what I said to you yesterday, you have The Audacity," began Mr. Day, speaking in capitals, "to Come Here *Again* in this DISGUSTING State."

"Si-i-r!!" interjected Buxton, moaning with righteous indignation.

"Well, boy?"

"I don't see what I've done, sir."

"You-Don't-See-What-You've-Done? Did I not tell you yesterday that I would not have you enter my form-room with *Simpkins*—er—I forget the precise name of the abomination—on your handkerchief?"

"Oh, but, sir," said Buxton, in the pleased tone of one who sees exactly where he and a bosom friend have misunderstood one another, and sees also his way to put matters right, "This isn't *Simpkins Idle Moments*. It's 'Riggles's Rose of the Hills.'"

Mr. Day raved. What did it matter whether the abomination he affected were manufactured by Riggles, or Diggles, or Biggles, or Robinson? *WHAT* did it matter what name its degraded patentee had applied to it? The point was that it was scent, and-he-would-not-*have*-scent in his form-room. So - kindly - remember-that-once-and-for-all-and-go-to-your-seat-and-don't-let-me-have-to-speak-to-you-again.

Buxton protested. Was he a slave? That was what Buxton would like to know. He was sure that there was no school rule against the use of scent as a precaution against germs. He didn't want germs. He was certain that his mother would not like it if he had germs. It was a shame that you were sent to schools where you were made to have germs.

The situation was at a deadlock. Much as he disliked scent, Mr. Day was obliged to admit to himself that the law was not on his side. He was a serious man without a spark of humour in his composition, and with a tremendous enthusiasm for fairness, and he did not wish to do anything tyrannical. If the boy really was afraid of germs, he had no right to prevent him doing his best to stave them off.

He gave up the struggle in despair. Buxton walked back to his seat, and two days later entered the form-room with a cold which not only made it necessary for him to use eucalyptus, but also to speak unintelligibly through his nose. Mr. Day spent the morning with his handkerchief to his face, a pathetic figure which would have softened the heart of a less vengeful person than Buxton.

Public opinion was divided on the subject of Buxton's manœuvres. The Lower Fifth, glad of anything to relieve the tedium of school-time, hailed him as a public benefactor. Liss openly complained that life was not worth living, and that he might just as well spend his time in a scent-factory. Greenwood, the prefect of Buxton's dormitory, took a stronger line.

Having observed without preamble that he was not going to be asphyxiated for the amusement of Buxton or anyone like

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him, he attached himself to the scruff of that youth's neck, and kicked him several times with much vigour and enthusiasm. He said, that if Buxton came into the dormitory like that again, he would have much pleasure in wringing his neck and chucking him out of the window.

In this delicate position, Buxton acted in statesmanlike fashion. Scented as before, during the day he left his handkerchief in the study on retiring to rest. So that, with the exception of Mr. Day and Liss, everyone was satisfied.

Liss brooded darkly over his injuries. At last, struck with an idea, he went across to the Infirmary to see Vickery. Vickery, a noted man of resource, was an Applebyite member of the Upper Fourth, and he had been down for a week or two with influenza. He was now convalescent, and visitors were admitted at stated intervals.

"I say, Vickery," began Liss, taking a seat.

"Hullo!"

"When are you coming back to the house?"

"Oh, soon. Next Monday, I believe."

"Well, look here." And Liss set forth his grievance. Vickery was amused.

"It's all very well to laugh," said Liss, complainingly, "but it's beastly for me. I say, what I really wanted to see you for was to ask if you'd mind swopping studies for a bit." (Vickery owned study three, one of the smaller rooms, only capable of accommodating one resident.) "You see," pursued Liss hurriedly, in order to forestall argument, "it wouldn't be the same for you. I don't suppose you can smell a thing after the 'flu', can you?"

"It would have to be pretty strong to worry me," agreed Vickery.

"Then will you?" said Liss. "You'll find Buxton a good enough sort of chap when he isn't playing rotten games of this sort. And he's got Giles's crib to the 'Medea.'"

He attached himself to the scruff of that youth's neck, and kicked him several times with much vigour and enthusiasm.

This was Liss's ace of trumps, and it settled the matter. Vickery agreed to the exchange instantly, and gave his consent to the immediate removal of his goods and chattels from study three and the substitution of those of Liss. Liss went over to the house and spent the evening shifting furniture, retiring to his dormitory grubby, but jubilant, at "lights-out."

On the following Monday, Vickery was

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restored to Appleby's, with a doctor's certificate stating that he was cured.

Buxton welcomed him with open arms, explained the state of the game to him, and assured him that he was an improvement upon Liss.

"*You* don't mind this scent business, do you?" he said. "Rather not," said Vickery, "I love scent. I use it myself."

"Good man," said Buxton.

But he altered his opinion next day.

"Great Cæsar," he cried, as he came into the study after a pleasant afternoon with Mr. Day. He rushed to the window, and opened it. Vickery surveyed him with amused surprise.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Can't you smell it, you ass?" said Buxton, wildly.

"Smell it?" repeated Vickery. A light seemed to dawn upon him. "Oh," he said, "you mean the stuff I've got on my handkerchief. Don't you like it? Doctors say it's awfully good for keeping off germs."

Buxton, in a voice rendered nasal by a handkerchief pressed tightly over his face, replied that he did not. He hung out of the window again. Vickery grinned broadly, but became solemn as his companion turned round.

"Well, I didn't think *you* would have minded," he said, in a reproachful voice, "I thought you rather liked scent."

"Scent! Do you call it a scent! What on earth is the muck?"

"It's only sulphuretted hydrogen. The doctor recommended it, to keep off any bad effects after the 'flu. I can't smell it much, but it seems rather decent. You wouldn't like some, would you?"

"Look here," said Buxton, "how long is this going on?"

"I couldn't say exactly, till I'm quite fit again. Two or three weeks, probably."

"Weeks! Did you say weeks?"

"Yes. Not longer, I shouldn't think. A month at the outside. Hullo, you aren't off?"

Buxton left the room, and went down the passage to number three.

"Get out," said Liss briefly. "I don't want this study——"

"Then would you mind swopping with me?" put in Buxton eagerly. "I don't think I shall quite hit it off with Vickery. He's much more a pal of yours than mine"

"Oh, hang it," said Liss, "I can't always be changing about. I've got all my things fixed up here. It's too much fag to move them again."

"I'll do that. You needn't worry about it. I'll shift your things into number eight to-night, if you'll swop. Will you?"

"All right," said Liss, "don't go breaking any of my pictures."

"Rather not," said Buxton. "Thanks awfully. And, I say, you can keep that Giles, if you like."

"Thanks," said Liss, "it'll come in useful."

"What made Buxton clear out like that?" he asked Vickery, as they brewed their first pot of tea after the exchange. "Did you have a row?"

"No. It was only that he didn't like the particular brand of scent I used."

Liss's jaw dropped.

"Great Scott," he said, "you don't use scent, too, do you?"

"Only when Buxton's there," said Vickery. He related the story briefly.

"I thought it would be better for us two together than having to share the study with Buxton," he concluded; "so I laid in a little scent, as he was so fond of it. I chucked it away yesterday."

"What a ripping idea," said Liss. "I hope it made him feel jolly ill. Anyway, it paid him back for the time he gave me."

"Yes, scent per scent," murmured Vickery; and, the last round of toast being now ready, and the kettle boiling over, study number eight proceeded to keep the wolf from the door.

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The Professional Guest

Another of Sir Forrester Hervey's Extraordinary Experiences as a Paid Guest.

By Allen Upward.

III.—THE SECRET HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

The adventure I am about to relate happened some time after my introduction to the Social and Domestic Agency.

My first exciting experience had been followed by a series of uneventful visits to houses in the country where an extra guest was required, it might be to make up the number of guns, or to supply an unexpected deficiency of dancing men, or for some other equally prosaic reason.

Accordingly, I was far from anticipating any sensational consequences when the Secretary summoned me to the office one day to meet a client of the Agency who had a proposal to make to me.

On reaching the office I was shown into the Secretary's room. She was, as I have mentioned before, a lady. In an armchair facing her desk a man was seated, who rose slowly to his feet as I came in.

"Sir Forrester Hervey—Mr. Tredgold," the Secretary murmured.

Mr. Tredgold put forth a thin, delicate hand, the finger-tips slightly stained, as though by some powerful acid.

"I am very glad to meet you, Sir Forrester," he said in a quiet voice.

His voice was quiet, his manner reserved, and his whole demeanour bespoke the recluse, unaccustomed to mix in the world; he shrank down into his chair as if it had been an effort to him to rise from it to greet me.

The only thing about him that struck a discordant note was the glance of his eye; from the first moment of my entering the room I was conscious of this glance. His eyes were small and rather close set, and they seemed to search me through and through. I was disconcerted by the intensity of this gaze, which seemed able to read me like an open book.

"Any relation to Mr. Schuyler Tredgold, may I ask?"

I put the question merely for the sake of saying something. The name of Schuyler Tredgold was familiar to me, as it will be, no doubt, to the reader, as one of our most distinguished engravers, whose reproductions of the etchings of Rembrandt and other great masters have obtained the praise of connoisseurs.

"This is Mr. Schuyler Tredgold," the Secretary hastened to say.

At the same time, I noticed Mr. Tredgold himself spread out his hands, as though accidentally, in such a way that the stained finger-tips again caught my eye.

The stains were now accounted for. Although I had no special knowledge of engraving, I had always understood that aquafortis was employed by engravers in their

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processes, and it seemed only natural that if they were constantly using this powerful agent, their hands should come to show such marks as those on the man's before me.

I made some complimentary observation to the bearer of the honoured name of Schuyler Tredgold. He checked me with a frown.

"It is evident that you do not know how irritating these compliments become in time to men of my temperament," he said. "I suppose that some celebrities, men of coarse fibre and intense vanity, enjoy their notoriety, but to every true artist all that kind of thing is not merely distasteful, but actually painful. In fact, the object of my coming here is to ask your help to protect me against the worry and chafing to which I am exposed."

I could only express my sympathy, and assure the eminent engraver that I was at his disposal.

"I suppose you wish me to act for you in a secretarial capacity?" I suggested.

"No," was the answer. "I want you to be my landlord."

"Your landlord! But I have sold my property. I have no house."

"I want you to take a house—a house which I have already seen and chosen. I shall pay the rent, of course, but not to the owner. That is the point. I do not want to appear in the matter at all. I want you to act as a buffer between me and all the business and bother of life. House, furniture, tradesmen, callers—all that sort of thing I want you to take off my hands. I shall not even pay your money direct. I shall open a credit for you at a bank, and you will manage everything."

"Then I understand that I am to be the nominal head of the establishment?"

"You will be the head. You will be, to all intents and purposes, the master. You can lead your own life, have your own friends to see you, and do just what you please, without considering me. All I ask in return is that you will respect my privacy, and secure it from invasion by others."

I glanced at the Secretary of the Social and Domestic Agency.

"That sounds to me a very tempting proposal," she remarked encouragingly.

"I consider it so," I said. "I presume you will occupy certain rooms in the house, as if you were a sort of paying guest?"

"If you will come to the house with me, I can explain the arrangement better," Mr. Tredgold replied.

I took this as a hint that he did not want to go into details before the Secretary.

We came away from the office together, got into a cab, and drove to an address on Denmark Hill, Camberwell.

It was a part of London which I had never before visited. Once a pleasant suburb, something like Harrow or Mitcham to-day, it has been overtaken by the tide of brick and mortar ever swelling outwards from London's heart. Only a few quaint old houses are still left standing in their roomy grounds, like oases in the suburban desert.

The cab drew up before a door in an old-fashioned timber fence. Mr. Tredgold rang a bell, and the door was opened by a man in his shirt-sleeves.

A short covered path led up to a low house of yellow bricks, built in the Early Victorian style. It was vacant, and the man who was acting as caretaker conducted us through empty rooms and passages, grimy from dirt and neglect.

After we had cursorily examined the house, Mr. Tredgold led the way out into the spacious, weed-grown garden, of nearly an acre, which looked as though no gardener had touched it for years.

At the far end stood a building which had evidently served as a small coach-house and stable.

"Come this way," said my companion.

We proceeded along a grass-grown path, bordered by a draggled privet hedge, and came out in front of the disused building.

"This is where I shall live," the engraver said in a half-whisper.

I turned and stared at him. The caretaker was noisily opening the doors, but my companion made no movement to go inside.

"The place will have to be overhauled by a builder," he said, speaking to me in a low voice so as not to be overheard. "I shall require a bedroom, a room for meals, and, of course, a studio to work in. I will let you have plans, and you will engage builders in your own name and have everything carried out as though it were your own doing. When everything is finished I shall slip in and occupy the rooms with my own servant, who will fetch my meals from your kitchen when I want to be by myself; sometimes I may take them with you."

Mr. Tredgold, who had evidently examined the premises for himself before bringing me to them, showed me a back door leading out into a lane behind the house. The key of this door, he explained, must remain in his own possession, so that he might be able to slip in and out unobserved.

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"I shall expect you to give your own servants very strict instructions not to intrude on me," he went on to say. "You know the saying, 'So many servants, so many spies.' Curiosity about my movements is hateful to me, and, in short, my whole object in this arrangement is to screen myself from observation and live as if I were at the bottom of the sea."

The artistic temperament has its own laws, and the whims recorded of men of genius are so many and erratic that it did not occur to me to see anything suspicious in these stipulations.

I promised to carry out the engraver's wishes in every respect, and we drove away from the house. He did not give me any address, but put me down as soon as we had re-crossed Waterloo Bridge, handing me a letter of introduction to the Strand branch of a well-known bank.

During the next few weeks I worked hard at getting Marlborough Lodge, as the house was named, ready for occupation. I had the place cleared out, bought a modest supply of furniture, and engaged a couple of servants to wait on myself. My credit on the bank seemed to be unlimited, but I thought it best not to indulge in extravagance.

"This is where I shall live," the engraver said in a half-whisper.

I should have been glad to hire a gardener to put the fine old grounds in order, but I received an express injunction to the contrary.

Mr. Tredgold, it appeared, was afraid of the presence of a gardener, as threatening his privacy, and wished the neglected garden to remain as a sort of neutral zone between my territory and his.

The most important part of the work was the transformation of the coach-house and stables. The builder whom I called in seemed greatly puzzled by the directions I gave him, and plainly regarded me as a lunatic, a suspicion which, I feared, would extend in the neighbourhood. However, I put that down as part of the service I was rendering to my eccentric employer.

Little did I foresee the important consequences which the inquisitiveness of the builder was to have for me later on.

At last everything was ready, but Mr. Tredgold made no sign, and I had no means of informing him that his directions had been carried out.

Faithful to the spirit of my instructions, I professed to everybody that I had taken Marlborough Lodge by my own choice, and many were the jokes and searching remarks made by my friends in Mayfair and Belgravia

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at my thus choosing to bury myself, as they were pleased to express it, in the savage region of Camberwell.

It was in vain that I assured them that Denmark Hill was one of the healthiest spots in London, with delightful views over Dulwich to the south, and that Marlborough Lodge was an infinitely pleasanter abode than a narrow, one-windowed dwelling wedged in between a mews and a greengrocer's shop in a back street off a fashionable square.

In order to silence, if not convince, the scoffers, I decided to have a house-warming, in the shape of a bachelor's supper party, to which I invited thirteen of my oldest friends.

As luck would have it, one of them was prevented at the last moment from coming, so that we found ourselves thirteen at table. I am not superstitious, and on any other occasion I should not have noticed the omen; but coupling it with the curious conditions under which I had become the tenant of Marlborough Lodge, I confess I wished my first dinner had been more fortunate.

As I could not keep my thoughts from running on my queer employer, who had still remained out of reach, I thought I would mention his name to the company, and see what was known about him.

"By-the-way," I said, with affected carelessness, "I am buying some engravings for this room. Do any of you know the work of Schuyler Tredgold?"

Joe Spencer, a man who poses as an authority on art in the smoking-room of Buckle's, looked up at once.

"Bad work," he pronounced decidedly. "Infernally clever, but not real art. Take my tip, and leave him alone."

"You speak very strongly." I returned, as though anxious to be convinced. "I thought he was one of our best men."

"One of our most puffed and praised men," Joe retorted. "In my belief the puffing was paid for. The public instinct knew better—no one could be induced to *buy* Tredgold's things. He died in poverty."

"Died!" I exclaimed, unable to master my consternation. "Is he dead?"

"Yes; why? You haven't been insuring his life, I hope?"

The remark, made in jest, came so near to the truth that I was fairly confounded.

"When did he die?" I demanded breathlessly.

Spencer considered for a minute, while the others watched us curiously.

"I think I can fix it," Joe said at length, "because I had been to a sale that very day, and seen one of his Rembrandts knocked down for a few shillings. He died on September 3rd, 190—."

The room seemed to swim round me. Joe had named the very day on which Schuyler Tredgold had brought me to see the house in which we were at that moment.

Schuyler Tredgold had died, and in poverty, three months ago. And yet I had been drawing money freely from that day to this out of the bank to which he had introduced me!

My bewilderment must have been very evident. Several of my guests began to chaff. One asked me if I had seen the engraver's ghost.

The remark suggested a question to me. I asked Spencer:

"Can you tell me what Tredgold was like?"

"Rather, I saw a good deal of him at one time; but I came to the conclusion he was a bad lot, and dropped him."

He proceeded to give a description which corresponded point for point with that of the man on whose behalf I had taken Marlborough Lodge.

Fortunately, I had now regained my presence of mind. I realised that it would be better to say no more on the subject till I had had time to consider my position. I made up some lame story of having had a man pointed out to me in the street as Schuyler Tredgold, since the date of his death.

"You are quite sure he's dead, I suppose?" I concluded.

"My dear fellow, I didn't hold a post mortem on the body, and I haven't seen the burial certificate. I saw in the papers that the man was dead, and as he didn't write the next day to contradict the announcement, I assumed he *was* dead."

During the remainder of the supper I pondered over this statement. It was just possible that the paragraph in the papers might have been inspired by Tredgold himself, in order to account for his disappearance from his usual haunts.

But in that case, why had he not taken me frankly into his confidence? And, above all, from what source had he derived the sudden wealth by which I had been profiting?

We retired into the smoking-room to take our coffee and cigars, and one of my guests wandered to the window and drew up the blind.

"Hullo!"

His cry of surprise drew everyone's attention.

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"What's that mysterious light doing there?" he went on.

Concealing my interest as much as possible, I walked over to the window and looked out.

The window faced the garden, and across the tangle of shrubs could be seen the building I had had converted into a dwelling for Schuyler Tredgold. From the shuttered window of the part fitted up as a studio a thin but intensely bright streak of light clove the darkness like a blade.

The "dead" man had come to life, and had taken possession of the house in the garden without warning to me.

I realised that I must check the inquisitiveness of my friends.

"Shut up, Jack," I said, affecting irritation, as I pulled down the blind. "If you *must* know, I have had to let off the stable for economy."

This hint, of course, silenced everybody, and Jack looked especially mortified at having compelled me to allude to my poverty.

I waited with impatience till the party broke up, leaving me free.

As soon as the last man took his departure, I put on a cap and stole out softly into the garden.

I told myself that my employer had not, in so many words, forbidden me to cross the neutral ground; nevertheless, I did not wish him to know that I was watching him.

I walked on tiptoe down the path, turned the corner of the privet hedge, and ran into the arms of Schuyler Tredgold.

"I anticipated that you might feel bound to pay me the compliment of calling on me, Sir Forrester," he said, with what I rather suspected to be irony. "Let me take this opportunity of explaining that, while I may sometimes take the liberty of looking in on you with your permission, I shall be glad if you will leave me entirely to myself."

To this command—for it was nothing less—I could only bow.

"It is believed that you are—ahem!—no longer alive," I ventured to observe.

"So much the better," was the cold answer.

Nothing more passed between us. Mr. Tredgold bade me a stiff good-night, and waited to see me retire to my own premises.

A day or two afterwards I was surprised to receive a visit from Spencer, the friend whom I had questioned about Schuyler Tredgold's personality.

He came in looking decidedly grave and troubled.

"My dear Hervey, I have heard something which I ought to tell you. I could see from what passed the other night that you had some interest in that man Tredgold—I don't ask what. Now, I have just heard a rumour that he is not dead, but in hiding somewhere. It appears he has been deeply in debt for some time, and it is supposed that he is keeping out of the way of his creditors. I hope to goodness you haven't been lending him anything."

I could hardly resist a smile, as I thought how very opposite this guess was to the truth. Still, I did not altogether like what I had heard. There were several things which I found it difficult to make out. Schuyler Tredgold had given me to understand that his sole object in seeking privacy was to escape the consequences of his artistic fame. It seemed to me that the announcement of his own death was an excessive precaution, to say the least. And how was I to reconcile the report of his indebtedness with the lavish credit given me at his bankers?

After again pressing me to be on my guard, Joe took his departure, leaving me very anxious as to my best course.

This anxiety increased as the days wore on. In the daytime the house at the end of the garden seemed to be silent and deserted. But nearly every night the same mysterious gleam of light through the shutters gave evidence of Schuyler Tredgold's presence.

Of course, it was impossible to prevent the servants from talking. A silent, demure man came to and fro between the two houses, carrying food, coal, and other household necessaries.

I found myself driven to appease the curiosity of my own household, by giving out that the inmate of the secret dwelling was an eccentric invalid.

This report naturally spread in the neighbourhood, and I afterwards learned that I was believed to be in charge of a maniac.

Mr. Tredgold's elaborate precautions to secure privacy had thus partly failed of success.

It was true that no one had any idea of his identity, or the object of his seclusion, but his presence in the shut-up building had attracted far wider attention than either he or I suspected.

In the meantime I had become too uneasy about my position to remain indifferent to the proceedings of my employer.

I told myself that if his motives were

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innocent, he ought not to object to take me into his confidence. It was a duty he owed me.

If, on the other hand, there should be anything discreditable about his retirement, the sooner I cut myself adrift the better.

Accordingly, I wrote a long letter to Tredgold, whom I had not seen for weeks, apologising as I best could, but plainly giving him to understand that he must either let me know more about his way of life, or find another screen.

In answer to my letter, which I handed, with some misgiving, to the secretive servant, I received a note containing these few words:

"Mr. Schuyler Tredgold presents his compliments to Sir Forrester Hervey, and will be glad to receive him to-night at nine o'clock."

Greatly reassured by this prompt acquiescence in my demand, I waited eagerly till the hour arrived for me to penetrate to the sealed interior of the engraver's retreat.

Dinner over, I thought I might safely slip out into the garden, and stroll about till the clock struck.

Remembering my former experience, I was careful to tread lightly, keeping on the grass and looking well ahead. The bright streak of light was visible as usual, and I was drawn towards it as surely as a moth towards the flame of a candle.

But on cautiously rounding the corner of the hedge already described, I stopped short, amazed by the sight of a strange man, like no one whom I had ever seen about the place, who was standing with his face pressed close to the shuttered window, evidently engaged in watching intently whatever was visible of the interior.

In these days one hears much about newspaper enterprise, but I could scarcely believe that an interviewer, deputed by the yellowest of yellow journals, would take this means of surprising the secrets of the distinguished engraver's studio.

My first impulse was to pounce on the spy and knock him down, my second to go up to him openly and demand the reason of his presence in the garden of which I was the nominal proprietor.

But an undefined feeling of distrust held me back from taking either course. It was clear to me that Schuyler Tredgold's fear of observation was well founded, and I thought it better to interview him before taking a hand in any measures for either his protection or discomfiture.

I crept away to some distance, and then, as the hour had just come, walked towards the studio with a bold tread. On turning the corner again I found the watcher was no longer there.

I stopped short, amazed by the sight of a strange man, like no one whom I had ever seen about the place, who was standing with his face pressed close to the shuttered window.

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The next moment the door of the secret house was opened, and the demure servant beckoned to me to come in.

He led me straight into a large apartment, formerly the stable, but now fitted up as a studio. I found my employer seated before a table strewn with blocks and engraving tools, while a small easel supported an exquisite copy of the famous "Bull" of Paul Potter.

Schuyler Tredgold neither rose nor offered me his hand, but indicated with a gesture where I was to sit. The attendant remained standing in a respectful attitude behind my chair.

"Then why did you say what you did?" questioned the engraver furiously, with the stopper between his finger and thumb.

I waited for the artist to speak.

"Well, Sir Forrester, it appears that you are not satisfied with our arrangement."

"That is putting it rather too strongly, Mr. Tredgold. Since I came here to reside, I have learnt that you allowed your death to be announced in the Press; there have been various rumours in circulation about the reasons for your retirement, and a certain amount of curiosity has been excited in this neighbourhood. I have had to assign various false excuses for your presence here. Altogether I find the position is more delicate than I was led to expect, and I shall be glad if you can do anything to relieve my mind."

"Look round you," Tredgold returned. "Do you see anything suspicious?"

"Not *now*," I answered with some emphasis.

The engraver gave me an ugly frown.

"What do you mean by that answer?" he demanded.

I thought of the watcher outside. Should I, or should I not, inform Tredgold of what I had seen?

"If," I said tentatively, "if I had peeped into the room half an hour ago, through that crack in the shutter, should I have seen everything as it is now?"

I was horrified by the result of this question. Schuyler Tredgold leaped to his feet with an oath, and in the same instant I heard the man behind me make a spring, and felt my arms clutched and dragged round the back of the chair in such a way as to render me helpless, while I almost fainted with the pain.

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"The acid, quick!" cried my captor in a shrill whisper.

I saw Schuyler Tredgold dart to the table and snatch up a bottle of the terrible aquafortis. In another moment the fiend would have dashed the contents in my face.

"Stop!" I had just strength to gasp. "For Heaven's sake! I have seen nothing."

"Then why did you say what you did?" questioned the engraver furiously, with the stopper between his finger and thumb.

"The other man!" I groaned.

Tredgold staggered back.

"What other man? Quick, if you want to save your life!"

"Before I came here—in the garden—a stranger—with his face to the crack—staring in."

"And what became of him?"

"I don't know. When I returned at nine he had disappeared."

The two men exchanged looks of awful fear.

"The police!" came from the dry throat of my assailant.

I felt his grip loosening, and by a sudden effort wrenched myself free and stood up.

Seeing what had happened, Tredgold pulled out the stopper of the aquafortis and raised the bottle. I was just in time to knock up his arm when suddenly the room was plunged in darkness. I heard the door crash in and a loud voice shouted:

"In the King's name!"

In the first moment of the darkness the horrid fancy seized me that the acid must have reached my eyes and blinded them; happily this fear was dispelled by the flash of a bull's-eye lantern carried by one of the invaders. The powerful magnesium light by which the room had been illuminated was turned on again, and I turned to look for Tredgold and his confederate.

They had vanished.

A hasty search was enough to convince the police that their birds had flown. They had slipped out of the studio into the other part of the building, and thence out by the back door into the lane.

The raid being unpremeditated, the police were not in sufficient force to guard this exit. A detective who had been watching the place for some time had seen my peril, and hastily summoned the nearest constable to assist in rescuing me.

I afterwards learned that the local police had had the premises under observation almost from the first, thanks to a hint dropped by the builder. For a long time they had shared the suspicion of the neighbours and servants that I was concealing a lunatic, whose keeper the taciturn servant was supposed to be.

But on this very night the detective had entered the garden for the first time, and, making use of the crevice in the shutters, had seen enough to make him change his mind as to the character of Schuyler Tredgold and his attendant.

As soon as they were satisfied that there was no hope of overtaking the fugitives, the detective proceeded to search the premises.

Drawing back the carpet, he lifted a large trap-door, and revealed a compartment filled with engraving appliances and packages, which he opened in my presence. The packages contained bundles of Bank of England notes, for sums ranging from £5 to £100—every one forged by the skilful hand of Schuyler Tredgold.

The whole story only came out bit by bit. It seems that the engraver, sick of his unsuccessful efforts to make money by the honest exercise of his art, had listened to the temptation of an expert criminal, the leader of a famous gang. At this man's instigation, and with the funds provided by him, he had contrived what it was hoped would be a secure retreat, in which to carry out the forgeries.

It was a severe disappointment to the police to have missed their prey, though they were consoled to some extent by having succeeded in preventing the issue of any of the forged notes.

But a more dreadful sequel shortly came to light.

In the Surrey Canal, at a point not far from Camberwell Green, there was discovered, a week later, the body of a drowned man floating face downwards. On the body being turned over, the whole of the features were found to be practically obliterated, as though burnt away by fire.

There were no marks by which the corpse could be identified; but I have always felt that my last defensive movement must have jerked the contents of the aquafortis bottle into the engraver's own face, and that his confederate, having got him safely away from the house, lured him to the canal, and thus got rid of an accomplice who could no longer be anything but a source of peril to the gang.

As for the other man, for aught I know he may be still at his old game. However, I scarcely think he will be able to produce counterfeit bank-notes equal to those that the police discovered in *my* house.

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The shaft of a coal mine as it appears when descending into the pit. The shaft is really circular, but the four guiding ropes and the square opening at the top give it the appearance of being rectangular.

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. VI.—THE MINER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Sixth of this Series tells of the Weird Surroundings and Weirder Labours of those who Work in Coal Mines.

By A. E. Johnson.

On my way to the pit-head, I turn aside and enter a small building lying apart from the rest of the surface works. This is the lamp-room. Within are many racks from which hang ordered rows of neat brass Davy lamps—some old and showing the honoured marks of long service, some new with scarce a scratch or dint to spoil their freshness; but all trim and shining from the attentions of the lamp-room staff. Over each lamp is affixed a number, signifying that to each *employé* of the colliery is assigned his own particular lamp.

Beside the doorway stands a small table on which the lamps are lighted. An engine in one corner of the room drives a dynamo, generating the electricity employed for the purpose. Against the wick inside the lamp is a tiny electric wire, which glows as the current is passed through it and sets the cotton aflame.

Above the table is a hollow metal cone filled with coal-gas, into which the lighted lamp is promptly plunged. In a moment the flame flickers and dies out. Such is the test of the Davy safety lamp, and it is by the failure of his light that the miner, when underground, is warned of danger from coal-gas and other noxious fumes.

Lamp in hand I make my way into the works. A strange variety of buildings the surface works of a colliery present. Here and there are engine-houses wherein great masses of gleaming machinery throb and pulse ceaselessly; some coiling and uncoiling upon immense drums the thick cables from which the cages that fly up and down the pit shaft are suspended, others whirling at terrific pace the monstrous fan by which a current of air is circulated through the galleries and passages underground, or animating the strange machinery which separates and raises certain portions of the coal, washes it, and sorts it into shining heaps.

Upon an elevated platform round the "pit-head" or mouth of the shaft, is a network of narrow railroads, over which rumble in endless succession "tubs" or small trucks, some sliding empty to the shaft's mouth, others, brimful of mineral treasure, black and dusty, being shunted away to convenient "drops" and "screens." A busy gang of men and boys, half clad, grimy and smudge-faced, seeming more like gnomes than human beings, run hither and thither.

The air is filled with the ceaseless clatter and creaking of machinery, and everywhere penetrates the pungent odour of coal-tar. High over all tower aloft twin giant wheels that spin furiously round every few moments, as the ropes which they carry on their rims are reeled rapidly out or in, and an empty cage is dropped down the shaft, or a couple of full tubs jerked out of the depths.

Before we gain the pit-head, my guide directs my gaze across country. Leading my eye from landmark to landmark, he finally points out an upstanding tree far

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distant on the horizon. Somewhere below that tree, he says, deep down, a quarter of a mile or more, in the very bowels of the earth, men are busy with pick and shovel. There I, too, am presently to be.

At the pit-head is a yawning chasm, that yields no glimmer of light from its depths. The circular shaft seems to taper, funnel-wise, as I gaze into it, until its inverted apex is lost in dense, dull blackness. Even as I peer downwards, a bulky object looms suddenly out of the nether darkness, and one of the two "cages" laden with tubs of coal, flies upward to the pit-head. Whence came it, I wonder to myself. Who loaded it? There can be no life, surely, at the bottom of that black and gaping hole!

My speculations are answered by a voice, as it were, from the very pit itself. A man beside me lays hold of a rope and tugs it thrice lustily. Echoing up from the depths comes a triple clang of metal in response. It is uncanny, this hard metallic clang, reverberating upward from blind nothingness. It is as though some demon of the nether regions were beating with brass upon a metal gong forged in subterranean fires.

The clanging, in actual fact, is a signal that a cage is about to descend. The tubs have been run out, and with my guide I crawl in gingerly, and, squatting on my hams, grasp tightly a convenient rail. It seems a rickety contrivance in which to make so hazardous a journey. The ends are open, and the whole structure is composed of planks bolted together, with a wide space between each.

There is no ceremony about the manner of despatching us upon our downward trip. So soon as we are securely settled, the necessary signal is given to the engine-room, and without more ado we—*drop*. It is difficult to convey adequately any notion of the terrifying sensation which marks the commencement of the descent. It is much the same feeling as would be experienced, one may imagine, in toppling over a cliff.

The sudden abstraction, as it seems, of all that is solid and tangible gives a jerk to the heart. I gasp. The suddenness of the start is paralysing. There is no gradual increase in speed. One moment the cage is at rest—the next it drops. Daylight is gone in a flash, and I am plunged in thick darkness. The floor of the cage, the rail my hand is grasping—these are but slender supports, imperceptible almost. I am falling, falling.

But this sensation, prolonged as it seems, lasts only for a few seconds. Presently, the cage, despite its vibration, seems to be suspended in mid-air, moving neither up nor down. Has it ever occurred to you that your sense of speed depends almost entirely upon your observation of surrounding objects? Shut your eyes in a railway train and you cannot guess whether you are travelling at the rate of twenty or sixty miles an hour. So here, in the falling cage, as soon as the first emotion is past, it is impossible to tell, though one be dropping at the rate of half-a-mile or more a minute, that one is descending at all.

Presently, indeed, I seem to be going up! In the midst of the enveloping darkness (for our lamps serve only to illumine the bars of the cage and to silhouette our own figures), there is nothing by which to gauge the rate or direction of progress. The brain is hopelessly puzzled.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that things are so. Were I able to judge the pace of the cage by observation of passing objects—were I, for instance, to be thus descending in broad daylight from the summit of the Eiffel Tower—I should be overcome with sickness.

One indication of the speed of the cage I gain later in the day, when descending the full depth of the shaft to workings some 150 yards below those to which I am now being taken. Then I am warned to look out for the lights at the pit-bottom of the upper workings. But all I see of them is a sudden wink; they flash by like a rocket signal, and I clutch the hand-rail yet tighter within my grasp.

There is one other thing that gives indication of the rapid descent. Almost immediately after starting, the greater pressure of the atmosphere (the barometer varies an inch between the bottom and the top of the shaft), makes itself felt upon the ears. As the lower depths are reached, my ears seem ready to burst, though, curiously enough, the pressure on their drums seems to be exerted not outward, but from within. The feeling, however, though one of discomfort, is not painful.

Before we reach the bottom I glance upwards. The planks of the cage's framework interrupt the view, but I manage to get a glimpse of the shaft. It is square! For a moment, recollecting the circular funnel-like appearance of the shaft when I looked down it from the pit-head, I am at a loss to understand the reason of it.

But a solution presents itself. The rectangular shape is caused by the four guiding ropes—one for each corner of the cage—strung from top to bottom of the shaft,

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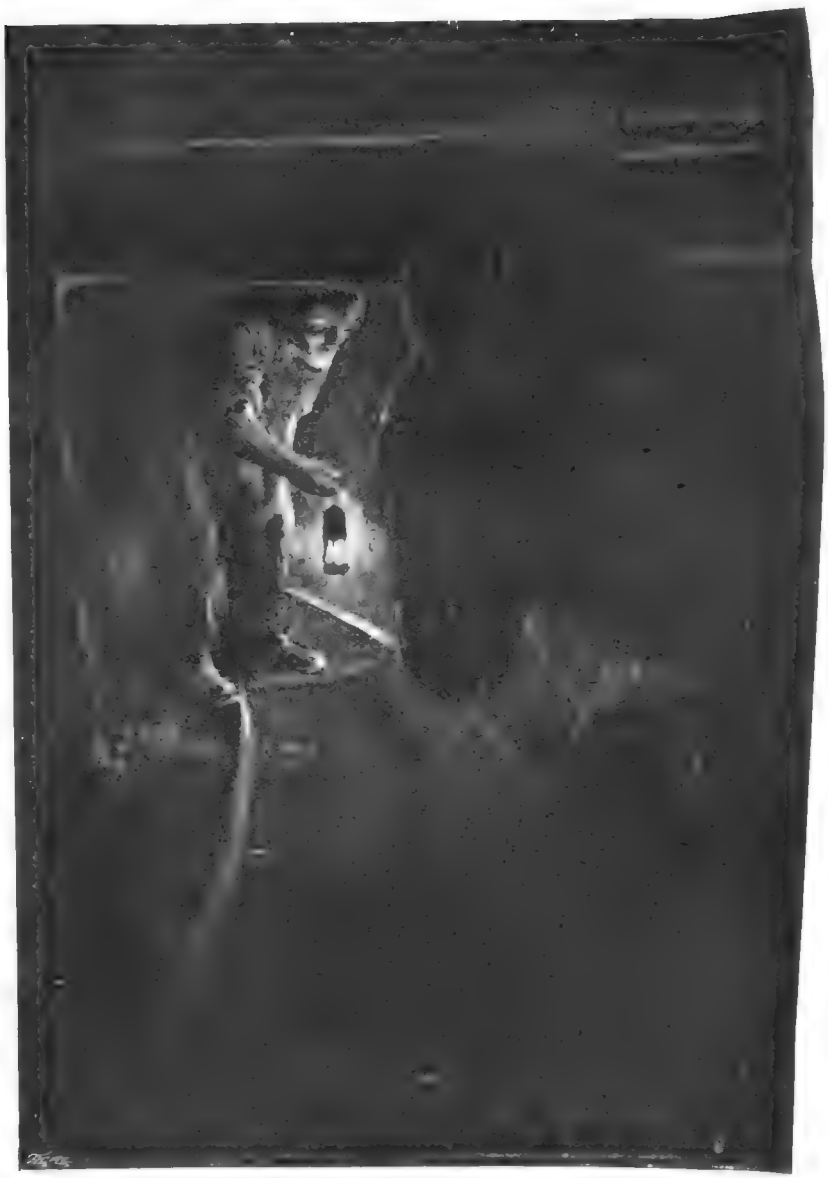
to prevent the cage, as it slides up and down, from swaying to and fro in mid-air.

These four ropes, their oily surface gleaming in the light from the pit-head, catch the eye, hiding the true circular outline of the shaft in the general dim murkiness. The square opening of the pit mouth, far off and diminutive, as if seen through a reversed telescope, strengthens the impression.

The lessening vibration of the cage gives warning that the bottom is nearly reached. As the pace decreases, the sensation of descent is again perceptible, and presently the cage emerges into light once more. But this is the artificial electric light of the pit bottom.

There is a fairly large and lofty area immediately round the shaft, and here a gang of grimy hands are busy receiving the little trains of loaded tubs that have come from the distant workings, and despatching the empty ones back again.



At various points on the main "haulage road" are junctions from which smaller side galleries branch off to the workings. In this picture a waiting pit-pony is seen. Its head seems strangely distorted as it looms suddenly out of the darkness, which the yellow light of the miner's lamp relieves but little.

The walls are whitewashed, throwing up in strong relief the black mouths of the low galleries and passages that lead from the pit bottom. There is little to tell a stranger that he is some five hundred yards below the surface which he left a few seconds ago. But the pressure on my ears is still discomforting, and despite the noise of the workers and the clatter and rumble of the arriving and departing tubs, there is a curious stillness—deadness would better perhaps describe it—in the air. There are none of the innumerable sounds, inaudible but perceptible, which fill the upper world. The atmosphere is numb.

I rest for a few minutes in the neat little white-washed office excavated at the pit bottom, in order to grow accustomed

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to the altered conditions. Then I am conducted forth upon my strange tour of exploration.

Leaving the well-lit pit bottom, we plunge into the black mouth of a wide gallery leading therefrom. I am bidden to be careful lest I bump my head against the roof, but for some distance the passage is lofty as well as wide, and I have occasion to stoop but seldom. The lights at the pit bottom throw their illumination a short distance only along the gallery, and we are speedily in darkness that is relieved merely by the dancing lights of our lamps.

The walls on either side are propped with stout timbers that lean slightly inward, and support others laid crossways to sustain the roof. Ahead walks my guide, his lamp, which he carries before him, silhouetting his figure and edging it with a yellow halo. On either hand the wooden props, that look like the leaning pillars of an endless colonnade in some strange catacomb or silent city of the dead, stretch forward into the blackness beyond and are lost. They seem as though destined to support some grotesque kind of arch, which the cross roof beams, lying squat and square overhead, have cut off.

Presently my guide halts at a doorway fixed across a narrow passage leading off the main road we have so far been traversing. Hitherto a warm breeze has been blowing in our faces. My guide explains that we have been meeting the air current, exhausted and heated at the end of its long journey through the mine. We are about to cut through a cross-gallery into another main road leading from the "downcast" or shaft down which the air is being sucked, in order to pursue our way with, instead of against, the draught.

He pulls open the door with a wrench, and as we pass through it is violently slammed to by the force of the returning current, which now we hear whistling past with a mighty rushing sound.

A few paces further on is a second door, and beyond that a third. All are precautionary measures against a clear draught being established through this cross gallery—an eventuality which would leave the further part of the workings unsupplied with fresh air.

Finally, we reach a fourth door, opening into the main road we desire to reach. Again I hear the current rampaging past, swishing and swirling with the pace and fury of a gale. With a tug the door is pulled open. Instantly the fierce tornado subsides, but as the door bangs behind us, I hear it spring up again with redoubled force, so it seems, after the momentary lull, upon the further side.

I find myself now in another wide gallery, differing but little in its characteristics from that we have just left. Along it we proceed towards the workings. The floor is fairly even, and walking, so long as one wary eye be watching for obstacles on the ground, and the other looking for low beams that may bump the heedless head, is fairly even. Occasionally the road dips strangely down hill, or climbs a steep slope, where a "fault" has been encountered and the seam of coal, through some earth-convulsion of long ago, has been displaced, and for a space jerked upwards or downwards.

With the current of air travelling in the same direction, no breeze is felt, and I begin in some measure to realise the strangeness of my situation, pacing this lone, still passage, deep down in the earth.

Silence reigns all around, save for the footfall and an uncanny noise of creaking and rumbling that faintly assails the ear. Running parallel to us, I am told, and separated from us by a wall some few feet thick, is another gallery—the main "haulage road"—along which the tubs are passing to and fro between the pit bottom and the workings.

Presently we emerge into this "haulage road" at a point where the main junction of roads takes place. Upon the floor are laid two sets of rails. Down one travel the full tubs of coal to the pit bottom, returning empty along the other towards the workings.

At either end of the straight road (at this junction we are already more than a mile, in a bee line, from the shaft), that is, at the junction and at the pit bottom, an immense pulley is fixed. Round these passes an endless rope which is kept continually moving, and to it the tubs are hitched by chains as occasion may require. Thus the same motive power takes the tubs to the pit bottom, and brings them back again.

It is obvious, of course, that the endless rope can only work along a perfectly straight road, and the junction at which I am standing has been necessitated by the sharp angle which the route to the workings here makes. At this point the tubs have to be unchained from the rope, transferred round the corner, and hitched on to another endless rope traversing the second "haulage road," which runs direct from the junction to the workings.

Close by the junction are stables in which are stalled the pit ponies employed to drag

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A glimpse of the workings. The roof is supported by innumerable wooden pillars. On the right the stooping figure of a miner is seen shovelling the coal that has already fallen. Another collier is on the left, lying prone upon his back, undermining the seam.

the tubs from the actual coal workings to the nearest point on the "haulage road." From all parts they come—Russia, Wales, the New Forest, Iceland perhaps—but all are brothers in bondage now, doomed never more to see the light of day, nor to breathe again the pure upper air.

As I pass down the row of small low-roofed stalls, the flickering light of my lamp reveals the patient brutes taking their hard-earned rest in darkness. It is always night with them. Even when they go forth in the morning to work, it is to trot to and fro along a mere rabbit burrow, lit only by the feeble lampwicks swaying in the hands of the boys who run beside their heads. It is but fair to say, however, that the ponies—nowadays, at all events—receive good treatment and thrive in their underground quarters. Glossy coats, and sleek, well-fed bodies tell their own tale. Besides, if mice (which have made their way down the shaft in bags of horse-fodder) and cats (introduced to keep the little creatures in order) flourish, increase, and multiply under the altered conditions, why not ponies?

Leaving the stalls I am conducted along the main "haulage road." More wary walking is needed now, and I am obliged to proceed in an almost constant stooping position. On either side are the roughly-laid rails upon which the tubs are run. Trailing over these is the endless rope by which the hauling is done, winding slowly round, with occasional stops, at the rate of a mile or so per hour, but seeming, of course, like two separate warps progressing in opposite directions.

Every now and then the crawling rope begins to rise, until stretched taut some three feet from the ground, and out of the gloom ahead there rumbles to meet us a train of half-a-dozen or so tubs, packed to the brim with coal, the foremost tub linked with a twist of its chain to the moving rope above it. Or we overtake a similar train of tubs, but empty, slowly returning from the pit bottom to the workings.

As we near the coal-face we meet occasionally a "trammer," or chain-boy—a weird, unearthly figure, striding towards us, only half illuminated by the yellow flame of his lamp, with features indistinguishable, as he passes us in the dim light, beneath their coating of black dust.

At intervals we come suddenly upon a small junction, where a side gallery from the workings joins the "haulage road." Sometimes we encounter a pony emerging with his load from the small mouth of such a side-road, or

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standing patiently beside a junction. We are upon him almost before we are aware, and strangely big and uncouth the small beasts seem, as they loom suddenly out of the distorting darkness.

At length, there are signs that the workings are near. The road loses its regular and uniform appearance, till it finishes in a narrow lane, with rough uneven floor, over which the haulage lines have not been laid. The walls are destitute of the leaning timbers which propped the main thoroughfare, and instead the roof is held up by a veritable thicket of upright wooden pillars, in and out of which I have to thread my way.

Presently I am brought up sharply by the end of the road—a great wall of black coal some six or eight feet high, upon which the miners are at work. Some of the men—the real colliers—are standing by, and strange figures they seem. They are but in keeping, however, with the extraordinary scene.

The glow given out by the numerous lamps of the miners gives a fair illumination to the scenes. The whole area is filled, confined as it is, with countless pillars of wood, placed without any apparent order or symmetry. The sight of them fills me with disquiet. I recollect the ever-present danger of a collapse of the roof, which previously, as I walked along the well-made gallery, had not occurred to me. The low roof threatens to crush me; the air is warm and strange, and as I note some of the stout oak beams bent and splintered beneath their terrific load, a hideous feeling of oppression, a nameless fear such as that which seizes a man in nightmare, and causes his hair to bristle, lays hold of me.

Even as I look around me there is a sudden crash, and a large flake from the roof lies shattered on the floor but a few yards away. The silence that follows is broken by a pattering sound, as of splashing water, caused by the smaller fragments which drop after the bigger mass. A moment's pause, and again comes a crash. And a voice murmurs in my ear:

"You are two miles from the pit bottom."

Two miles! Two miles from the only outlet to the upper world!

My thoughts fly hither and thither, panic-stricken. Imagination runs riot. If this shattered fragment of the roof should be the forerunner of a catastrophe! Suppose yonder twisted props should yield beneath the fearful pressure! My ears fancy they hear the ominous *c-r-ack, c-r-ack*, and the colossal crash of the falling avalanche that follows it.

Entombed! My brain reels, and to my panting nostrils the air seems already hot and suffocating. Of what avail the miners' picks and shovels now? Useless to try to pierce that massive obstacle, strike we ever so furiously and fast. The grim black walls of our living tomb seem to alter their shape, to retire, then to encroach. They encroach again; the narrow chamber contracts. The dizzy eye cannot fix its reeling limits with certainty. The heat grows stifling. The heart beats quicker and the head throbs in agony. The yellow flames of the lamps flicker and pale. . . .

The voice of my guide recalls me. The miners around seem unconcerned. Of the falling roof they reck not a tittle, nor pause even from their work at the noise it makes. Yet their gaunt figures heighten the eerie situation. Naked, save for scanty trousers, their bodies so blackened with coal-dust that such patches of skin as show white through the grime look like the blotches of disease. They seem scarce human! The same idea that was in my mind as I gazed from the surface into the blackness of the pit-shaft, recurs to me now with trebled intensity. These cannot be *men* that toil with pick and shovel here in the deep recesses of the earth! They have the shape of men 'tis true, but human they cannot be. Rather are they akin to the fantastic gnomes of whom we learned in the wondrous books of our nursery days.

There is the cunning of the gnome, too, in the very manner in which the miner goes about his work. Starting at the base of the seam, he excavates a cavity some two or three feet high and perhaps six or seven feet square. As the cavity increases in size he underpins the great mass above with wooden props. Lying upon his side or back he hacks away with pick, until a sufficient area has been undermined. Then, from a safe distance, the props are pulled away, and down with a crash, fall several hundred tons of coal, only needing to be broken up and shovelled into tubs, before being dragged by ponies through the side galleries to the main "haulage road," and thence despatched to the pit bottom.

A curious life is the miner's, earning his daily bread in the dark hidden places underground. Some might look upon it with repulsion, and think that nought but dire necessity could drive a man thus to delve for a third of his life in the perpetual darkness of the nether world.

But once a pitman, always a pitman. The miner descends the shaft in early years as a

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chain-boy, perhaps; and such is the strange unaccountable influence which the life exercises upon him, that he never leaves it. The work—under modern conditions—is healthy, unexpected as such a statement may be to the lay mind, and it is no uncommon thing to find hale and hearty veterans of three score years and ten who have worked for more than half a century in the same pit.

The pay, too, in many cases, is very good, and the lot of the collier in the North is an enviable one, compared with that of the London artisan. It is a rare miner who is willing to exchange his lot.

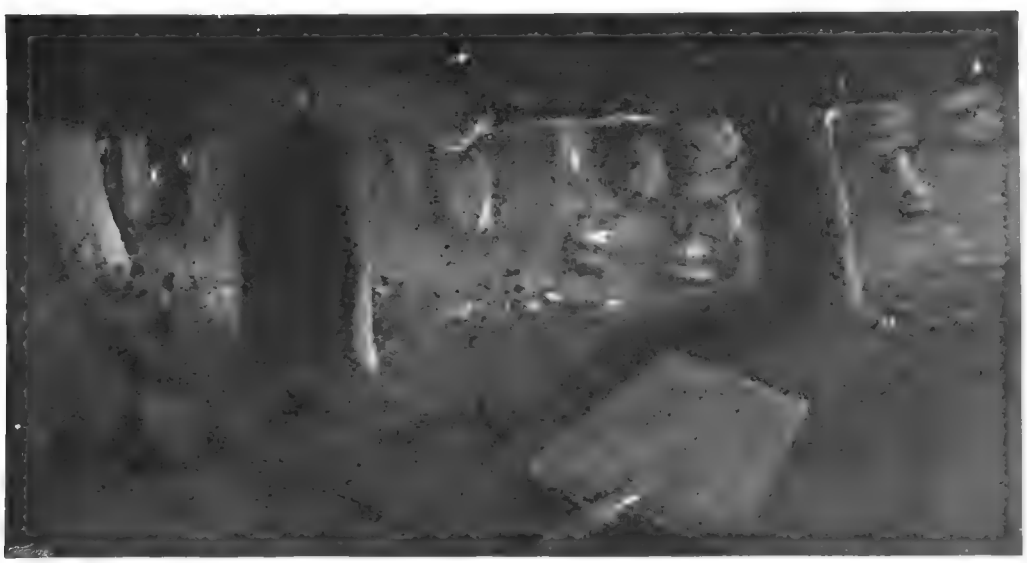
Danger, of course, is ever present in a coal-mine. In some an explosion may happen, in others the roof may fall and imprison the workers. Even in ordinary circumstances the miner labours under conditions that might cause a stout heart to quail. To sufficiently undermine the seam he has to crawl into the cavity his pick has made. Within he lies prone, and in this cramped position plies his busy arm. Right over him, pressing down upon his defenceless body with a tangible reality more horrible than the most vivid of night-mares, is a solid mass of coal that would crush him, were it to fall, like the merest eggshell.

Nothing intervenes between him and fearful destruction but the low wooden props through which he descries the boots and ankles of his fellows outside passing and re-passing. The current of air that is being driven through the mine scarce penetrates to his hole, and in the close, warm atmosphere his body streams with perspiration. The violence with which he perspires, indeed, is the miner's chief safeguard against disease, for though some colliers there are who wash with daily regularity, the majority regard the bath as unnecessary. One can hardly blame them, for the conditions compel a continual state of grime.

Leaving the colliers to their fantastic labours, I am led for some distance along in face of the seam, clambering over piles of fallen coal, twisting this way and that through the maze of pillars. Then, suddenly, we plunge into a side road, just big enough to pass through, without crawling upon hands or knees. Burrowing thus, mole-fashion, I emerge presently upon a loftier gallery to find myself once more in the "haulage road."

At intervals we overtake full tubs, four at a time, proceeding in our direction and meet similar quartettes of empties coming back. A long steady walk brings us back to the main junction, whence we continue along the "haulage road" to the pit bottom.

At length, the well-lighted pit bottom is reached once more. Once more I undergo the curious sensation which travelling in the cage up or down the shaft produces. But this time, as the upward pace slackens, a glimmer of white light shows faintly through the framework overhead, and in a moment we are in daylight again.



From the interior of the cavity which the miner excavates for the purpose of undermining the seam of coal he looks out between the wooden beams supporting the low roof over his head, and sees the feet and ankles of his fellow-workmen passing by.

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CRICKET DRILL.

A Novel Form of Exercise that both Develops the Body, and, at the Same Time, Teaches One how to Play Cricket.

By A. J. Skinner.

Most boys will admit that the dumb-bell is an irksome form of exerciser, and little more can be said in favour of Indian clubs.

Take dumb-bells. What does a boy gain from raising and swinging them for a half-hour or so each day? Simply a well-developed body. Nothing more or less.

But "Cricket Drill" as it exercises and develops the limbs quite as well as either dumb-bell or club, and, in addition, improves play on the cricketing-field in every respect, will be welcomed with joy by both masters and boys.

Throughout the various exercises of this new drill, the bat is either substituted for Indian clubs, or the ball for dumb-bells.

Now, when a boy realises that not only is he developing the muscles of his body, but, at the same time he is improving his cricket almost as well as if he were at the nets, he will naturally take a greater interest in physical exercise. Consequently he will derive greater benefit than from the use of the club or dumb-bell.

In "Cricket Drill" is also included a number of exercises that strengthen the arms, and practise the young cricketer in the art of bowling. In addition smartness in fielding is also cultivated.

Who will not at once see from these introductory remarks the advantages "Cricket Drill" holds over other forms of exercise?

A careful study of the illustrations is all that is necessary for anyone to grasp the principles of this new drill.

Exercise I. (*a*). Forward Defensive Stroke. On the command "One," grip the bat firmly with the right hand and more loosely with the left. Take up the position shown in the photograph. Do not crouch. Bring the left shoulder well forward. Place the toes of both feet on an imaginary line drawn just outside the leg stump.

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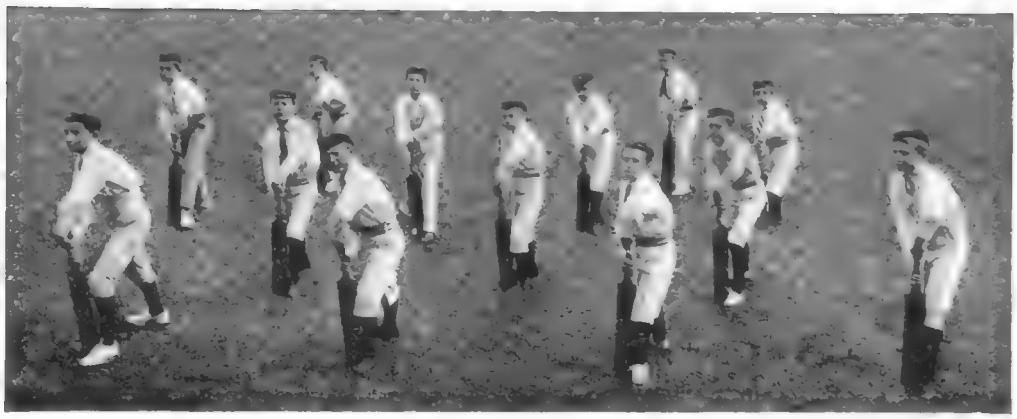

I. *a*. "Two!" Advance the left leg. Keep the right leg straight, and, at the same time, bring the bat smartly forward. The bat should not be advanced *beyond* the left leg, and there should be no daylight between the leg and the bat. Keep the left elbow well out and the bat slightly sloping forward.

Exercise II. Back Defensive Stroke. "Attention!" (shown in the title picture). On the command "One," take up the first position of exercise I. (*a*). "Two!" Throw the weight of the body on the right foot, at the same time, raising the heel of the left. The left elbow should be well forward and the bat kept in a vertical position some distance from the ground.

Exercise III. (*a*). The Shoulder Exercise. This is purely an exercise to teach a boy how to open his shoulders, and also to exercise the muscles of the chest. At the command "One" raise the bat upright above the head, bringing the left elbow well in front of the body.

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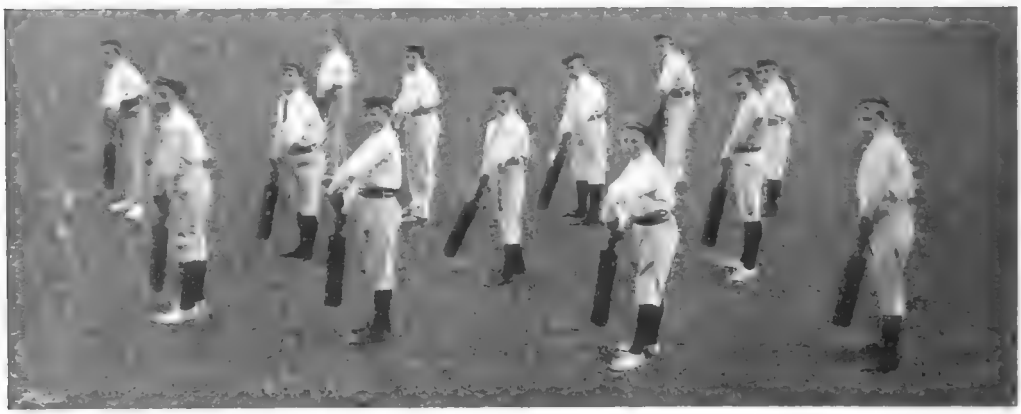
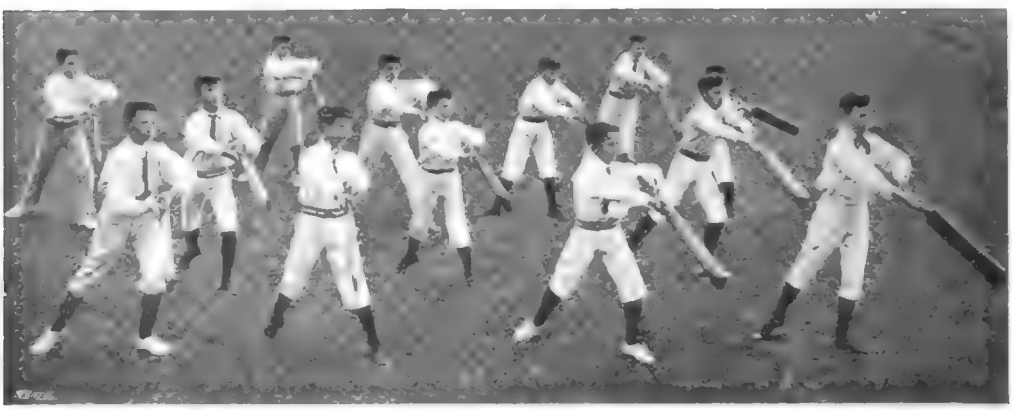
III. (*b*). "Two!" Quickly raise the left elbow and work the bat with true "vertical" circular motion. The commands "One" and "Two" should be given rapidly, and the shoulders worked as much as possible.



Exercise IV. (*a*). Opening the Shoulders to a loose ball on the leg side. "One!" Stand in the position shown in exercise I. (*a*). Raise the bat a few inches from the ground. This is the action preparatory to "letting fly" at a leg ball. Of course in first-class cricket loose balls on the leg side of the wicket are few and far between. But they are very plentiful in school cricket.



IV. (*b*). "Two!" Advance the left leg, bringing it well round the body, and, at the same time, open the shoulders and hit out at the imaginary loose ball. In this instance the ball to be imagined is a "long hop" well outside the leg stump. It may also be shown by the angle at which the bat is held whether the ball will be lifted, or kept on the ground.

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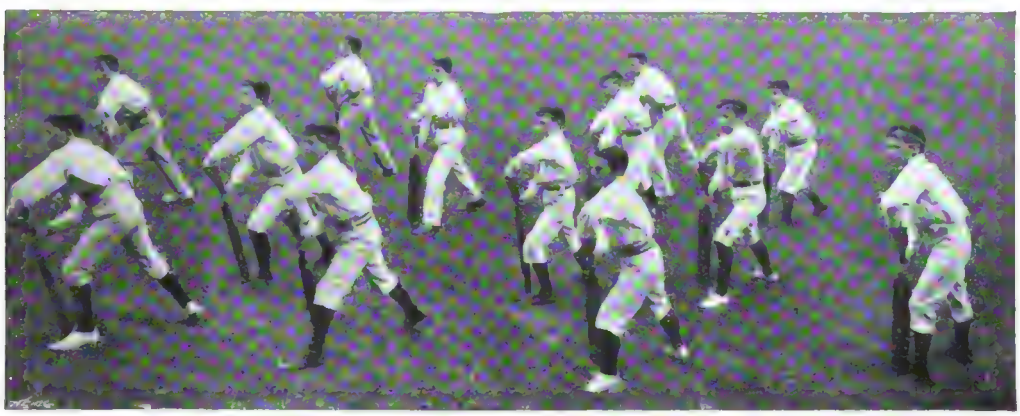
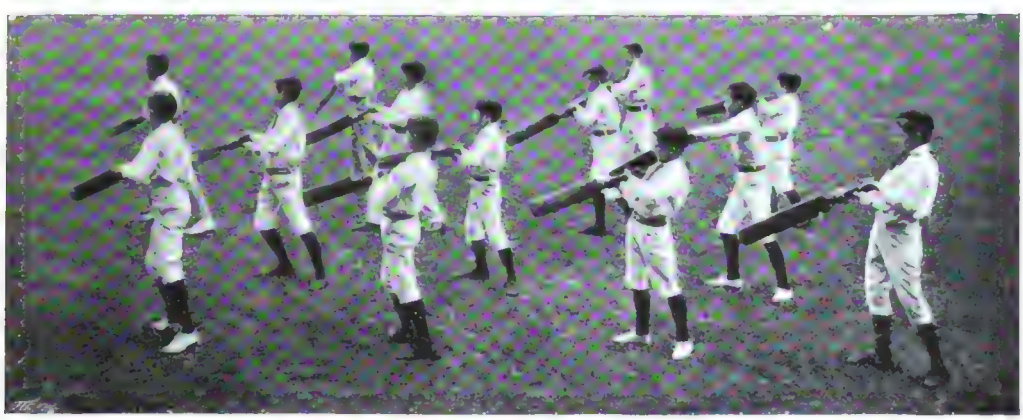
Exercise V. Driving a Half-volley Ball to deep mid-on. At the command "One" take up the position given in exercise IV. (*a*). The ball to be played is a swift half-volley on the leg stump—the scatterer of many a young player's wickets. "Two!" Advance the left leg to its fullest length, but do not bring it round as in the previous illustration.



Exercise VI. The Mid-off Drive. This is a favourite stroke with most batsmen, and is readily learnt by boys. At the command "One" take the same position shown in the exercise IV. (*a*). "Two!" Advance the left leg and in doing so bring the bat smartly forward, driving the imaginary ball to the boundary. The ball should be kept down by checking the stroke just as the bottom of the bat touches the ground.



Exercise VII. The late cut. This is the only exercise in which the right foot is moved. The imaginary ball has pitched a few inches outside the off stump. The position to begin with is the same as in the exercise IV. (*a*). At the command "Two," withdraw the *right* foot, and, with a quick twist of the wrist cut down smartly on the imaginary ball. As a rule boys are too weak in their wrists to perfect this stroke.

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Exercise VIII. The Leg Glide. In practising this stroke at the nets, always wear pads. Fall into the position shown in exercise I. (*a*). At the command "Two!" turn quickly to the left on the heel of the right foot. At the same time bring the left leg well behind the right, and press the hollow of the left foot against the heel of the right. Hold the bat at a slight angle just in front of the right leg.

Exercise IX. Catching a Ball close in. The bats that right through these exercises have served the purpose of Indian clubs are now laid aside. Ball exercise is a milder form of s rengthening the muscles of the body. At the command "One," all stand at attention. "Two!" Move the feet apart, bend slightly forward, using both hands to catch the ball.

Exercise X. Catching a Ball far out in the Field. Whenever possible two hands should be used for this purpose. Great care should be taken in judging the exact spot where the ball will descend. The commands and movements are precisely the same as those in the preceding illustration.

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Exercise XI. Fielding a Ball. The bending movement for fielding a ball is similar to ordinary "Physical Exercise" drill. The boys stand at attention. At the command "Two" they drop rapidly, keeping the heels together and the arm covering the space between the legs. In this exercise it should be borne in mind that the fieldsman's duty is to anticipate the batsman's stroke, and that a certain portion of the ground is allotted to him to cover.

Exercise XII. (*a*). A Bowling Exercise. Boys should be taught to bowl as fast as they can. By fixing the eye on a spot where it is intended that the ball should pitch, they soon learn to keep an accurate length. At the command "One," throw back the right arm and bring the left hand well out in front of the body.

XII. (*b*). "Two!" Fix the eye on a tuft of grass about two yards before the opposing batsman's crease; with practice the ball should pitch very near this spot. Then with a quick, circular motion bring the right arm well over, advancing the left leg simultaneously. This exercise is especially useful in developing the muscles of the arms and back.

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THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

V.—THE MURDER OF MISS PEBMARSH.

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who unravels the mystery to—	Sergeant Evans	A constable.
The Lady Journalist	Who relates it to the Royal readers.	Miss Lucy Pebmarsh	An old maid.
Lady de Chavasse	A Society lady.	Miss Pamela Pebmarsh... ...	Her niece.
Sir Percival de Chavasse ...	Her husband.	Jemima Gadd	A servant.
		Mr. Miller	A greengrocer.
		Inspector Robinson	A detective.

CHAPTER I.

"You must admit," said the man in the corner to me one day, as I folded up and put aside my *Daily Telegraph*, which I had been reading with great care, "that it would be difficult to find a more interesting plot, or more thrilling situations than occurred during the case of Miss Pamela Pebmarsh. As for downright cold-blooded villainy, commend me to some of the actors in that real drama.

"The facts were simple enough: Miss Lucy Ann Pebmarsh was an old maid who lived with her young niece Pamela and an elderly servant in one of the small, newly-built houses not far from the railway station at Boreham Wood. The fact that she kept a servant at all, and that the little house always looked very spick and span, was taken by the neighbours to mean that Miss Pebmarsh was a lady of means; but she kept very much to herself, seldom went to church and never attended any of the mothers' meetings, parochial teas, and other social gatherings for which that popular neighbourhood has long been famous.

"Very little, therefore, was known of the Pebmarsh household, save that the old lady had seen better days, that she had taken her niece to live with her recently, and that the latter had had a somewhat checkered career before she had found her present haven of refuge; some more venturesome gossips went so far as to hint—but only just above a whisper—that Miss Pamela Pebmarsh had been on the stage.

"Certain it is that that young lady seemed to chafe very much under the restraint imposed upon her by her aunt, who seldom allowed her out of her sight, and evidently kept her very short of money, for, in spite of

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Miss Pamela's obvious love of fine clothes, she had latterly been constrained to wear the plainest of frocks and most unbecoming of hats.

"All very commonplace and uninteresting, you see, until that memorable Wednesday in October, after which the little house in Boreham Wood became a nine days' wonder throughout newspaper-reading England.

"On that day Miss Pebmarsh's servant Jemima Gadd, went over to Luton to see a sick sister; she was not expected back until the next morning. On that same afternoon Miss Pamela—strangely enough—seems also to have elected to go up to town, leaving her aunt all alone in the house, and not returning home until the late train, which reaches Boreham Wood a few minutes before one.

"It was about five minutes past one that the neighbours in the quiet little street were roused from their slumbers by most frantic and agonised shrieks. The next moment Miss Pamela was seen to rush out of her aunt's house and then to hammer violently at the door of one of her neighbours, still uttering piercing shrieks. You may imagine what a commotion such a scene at midnight would cause in a place like Boreham Wood. Heads were thrust out of the windows; one or two neighbours in hastily-donned miscellaneous attire came running out; and very soon the news spread round like wildfire that Miss Pamela on coming home had found her aunt lying dead in the sitting-room.

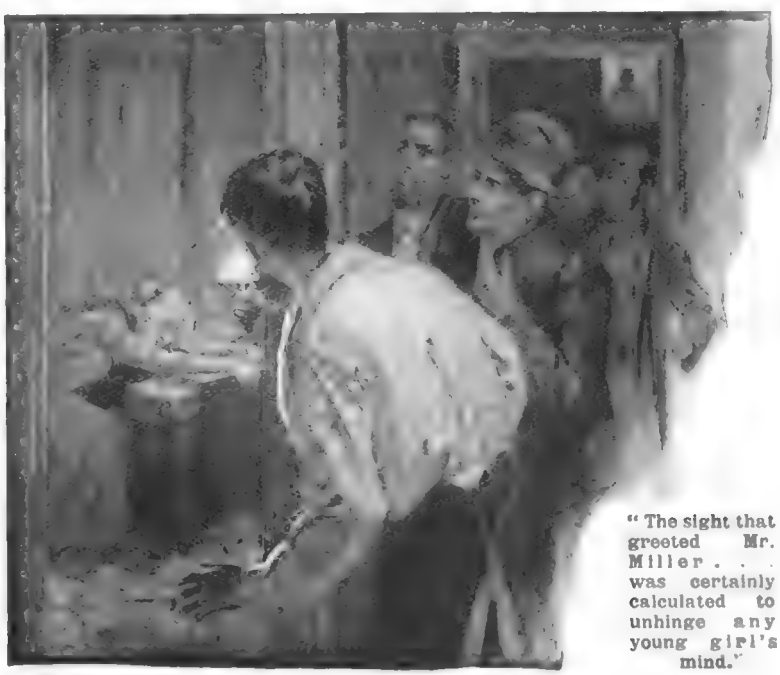
"Mr. Miller, the local greengrocer, was the first to pluck up sufficient courage to effect an entrance into the house. Miss Pamela dared not follow him; she had become quite hysterical, and was shrieking at the top of her voice that her aunt had been murdered. The sight that greeted Mr. Miller and those who had been venturesome enough to follow him, was certainly calculated to unhinge any young girl's mind.

"In the small bow-window of the sitting-room stood a writing-table, with drawers open and papers scattered all over and around it; in a chair in front of it, half sitting and half lying across the table, face downwards, and with arms outstretched, was the dead body of Miss Pebmarsh. There were sufficient indications to show to the most casual observer that, undoubtedly, the unfortunate lady had been murdered.

"One of the neighbours, who possessed a bicycle, had in the meanwhile had the good sense to ride over to the police station. Very soon two constables were on the spot; they quickly cleared the room of gossiping neighbours, and then endeavoured to obtain from Miss Pamela some lucid information as to the terrible event.

"At first she seemed quite unable to answer coherently the many questions which were being put to her; however, with infinite patience and wonderful kindness, Sergeant Evans at last managed to obtain from her the following statement:

"'I had had an invitation to go to the theatre this evening; it was an old invitation, and my aunt had said long ago that I might accept it. When Jemima Gadd wanted to go to Luton, I didn't see why I should give up



"The sight that greeted Mr. Miller . . . was certainly calculated to unhinge any young girl's mind."

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the theatre and offend my friend, just because of her. My aunt and I had some words about it, but I went. . . . I came back by the last train and walked straight home from the station. I had taken the latch-key with me, and went straight into the sitting-room; the lamp was alight, and—and——'

"The rest was chaos in the poor girl's mind; she was only conscious of having seen something awful and terrible, and of having rushed out screaming for help. Sergeant Evans asked her no further questions then; a kind neighbour had offered to take charge of Pamela for the night, and took her away with her, the constable remaining in charge of the body and the house until the arrival of higher authorities."

CHAPTER II.

"Although, as you may well suppose," continued the man in the corner after a pause, "the excitement was intense at Boreham Wood, it had not as yet reached the general newspaper-reading public. As the tragic event had occurred at one o'clock in the morning, the papers the following day only contained a brief announcement that an old lady had been found murdered at Boreham Wood under somewhat mysterious circumstances. Later on, the evening editions added that the police were extremely reticent, but that it was generally understood that they held an important clue.

"The following day had been fixed for the inquest, and I went down myself in the morning, for somehow I felt that this case was going to be an interesting one. A murder which at first seems absolutely purposeless always, in my experience, reveals, sooner or later, an interesting trait in human nature.

"As soon as I arrived at Boreham Wood, I found that the murder of Miss Pebmarsh and the forthcoming inquest seemed to be the sole subjects of gossip and conversation. After I had been in the place half-an-hour the news began to spread like wildfire that the murderer had been arrested; five minutes later the name of the murderer was on everybody's lips.

"It was that of the murdered woman's niece, Miss Pamela Pebmarsh.

"'Oh—oh!' I said to myself, 'my instincts have not deceived me: this case is indeed going to be interesting.'

"It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I at last managed to find my way to the little police station, where the inquest was to be held. There was scarcely standing room, I can tell you, and I had some difficulty in getting a front place from which I could see the principal actors in this village drama.

"Pamela Pebmarsh was there in the custody of two constables—she, a young girl scarcely five-and-twenty, stood there accused of having murdered, in a peculiarly brutal way, an old lady of seventy, her relative who had befriended her and given her a home."

The man in the corner paused for a moment, and from the capacious pocket of his magnificent ulster he drew two or three small photos, which he placed before me.

"This is Miss Pamela Pebmarsh," he said, pointing to one of these; "tall and good-looking, in spite of the shabby bit of mourning with which she had contrived to deck herself. Of course, this photo does not give you an idea of what she looked like that day at the inquest. Her face then was almost ashen in colour; her large eyes were staring before her with a look of horror and of fear; and her hands were twitching incessantly, with spasmodic and painful nervousness.

"It was pretty clear that public feeling went dead against her from the very first. A murmur of disapproval greeted her appearance, to which she seemed to reply with a look of defiance. I could hear many uncharitable remarks spoken all round me; Boreham Wood found it evidently hard to forgive Miss Pamela her good looks and her unavowed past.

"The medical evidence was brief and simple. Miss Pebmarsh had been stabbed in the back with some sharp instrument, the blade of which had pierced the left lung. She had evidently been sitting in the chair in front of her writing-table when the murderer had caught her unawares. Death had ensued within the next few seconds.

"The medical officer was very closely questioned upon this point by the coroner; it was evident that the latter had something very serious in his mind, to which the doctor's replies would give confirmation.

"'In your opinion,' he asked, 'would it have been possible for Miss Pebmarsh to do anything after she was stabbed. Could she have moved, for instance?'

"'Slightly, perhaps,' replied the doctor; 'but she did not attempt to rise from her chair.'

"'No; but could she have tried to reach the hand-bell, for instance, which was on the table, or—the pen and ink—and written a word or two?'

"'Well, yes,' said the doctor thoughtfully; 'she might have done that, if pen and ink, or

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the hand-bell, were *very* close to her hand. I doubt, though, if she could have written anything very clearly, but still it is impossible to say quite definitely—anyhow, it could only have been a matter of a few seconds.'

"Delightfully vague, you see," continued the man in the corner, "as these learned gentlemen's evidence usually is.

"Sergeant Evans then repeated the story which Pamela Pebmarsh had originally told him, and from which she had never departed in any detail. She had gone to the theatre, leaving her aunt all alone in the house; she had arrived home at one o'clock by the late Wednesday night train, and had gone straight into the sitting-room, where she had found her aunt dead before her writing-table.

"That she travelled up to London in the afternoon was easily proved; the station master and the porters had seen her go. Unfortunately for her *alibi*, however, those late 'theatre' trains on that line are always very crowded; the night had been dark and foggy, and no one at or near the station could swear positively to having seen her arrive home again by the train she named.

"There was one thing more; although the importance of it had been firmly impressed upon Pamela Pebmarsh, she absolutely refused to name the friends with whom she had been to the theatre that night, and who, presumably, might have helped her to prove at what hour she left London for home.

"Whilst all this was going on, I was watching Pamela's face intently. That the girl was frightened — nay more, terrified — there could be no doubt; the twitching of her hands, her eyes dilated with terror, spoke of some awful secret which she dared not reveal, but which she felt was being gradually brought to light. Was that secret the secret of a crime—a crime so horrible, so gruesome, that surely so young a girl would be incapable of committing?

"So far, however, what struck everyone mostly during this inquest was the seeming purposelessness of this cruel murder. The old lady, as far as could be ascertained, had no money to leave, so why should Pamela Pebmarsh have deliberately murdered the aunt who provided her, at any rate, with the comforts of a home? But the police, assisted by one of the most able detectives on the staff, had not effected so sensational an arrest without due cause; they had a formidable array of witnesses to prove their case up to the hilt. One of these was Jemima Gadd, the late Miss Pebmarsh's servant.

"She came forward attired in deep black, and wearing a monumental crape bonnet crowned with a quantity of glistening black beads. With her face the colour of yellow wax, and her thin lips pinched tightly together, she stood as the very personification of puritanism and uncharitableness.

"She did not look once towards Pamela, who gazed at her like some wretched bird caught in a net, which sees the meshes tightening round it more and more.

"Replying to the coroner, Jemima Gadd explained that on the Wednesday morning she had had a letter from her sister at Luton, asking her to come over and see her some day.

"'As there was plenty of cold meat in the 'ouse,' she said, 'I asked the mistress if she could spare me until the next day, and she said yes, she could. Miss Pamela and she could manage quite well.'

"'She said nothing about her niece going out, too, on the same day?' asked the coroner.

"'No,' replied Jemima acidly, 'she did not. And later on, at breakfast, Miss Pebmarsh said to Miss Pamela before me: "Pamela," she says, "Jemima is going to Luton and won't be back until to-morrow. You and I will be alone in the 'ouse until then."'

"'And what did the accused say?'

"'She says "All right, aunt."'

"'Nothing more?'

"'No, nothing more.'

"'There was no question, then, of the accused going out also, and leaving Miss Pebmarsh all alone in the house?'

"'None at all,' said Jemima emphatically. 'If there 'ad been I'd 'ave 'eard of it. I needn't 'ave gone that day. Any day would 'ave done for me.'

"She closed her thin lips with a snap, and darted a vicious look at Pamela. There was obviously some old animosity lurking beneath that gigantic crape monument on the top of Jemima's wax-coloured head.

"'You know nothing, then, about any disagreement between the deceased and the accused on the subject of her going to the theatre that day?' asked the coroner after a while.

"'No, not about *that*,' said Jemima curtly; 'but there was plenty of disagreements between those two, I can tell you.'

"'Ah? what about?'

"'Money mostly. Miss Pamela was over-fond of fine clothes, but Miss Pebmarsh, who was giving 'er a 'ome and 'er daily bread, 'adn't much money to spare

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for fallalery. Miss Pebmarsh 'ad a small pension from a lady of the haristocracy, but it wasn't much—a pound a week it was. Miss Pebmarsh might 'ave 'ad a lot more if she'd wanted to.'

"'Oh?' queried the coroner, 'how was that?'

"'Well, you see, that fine lady 'ad not always been as good as she ought to be. She'd been Miss Pamela's friend when they were both on the stage together, and pretty goings on, I can tell you, those two were up to, and——'

"'That'll do,' interrupted the coroner sternly. 'Confine yourself, please, to telling the jury about the pension Miss Pebmarsh had from a lady.'

"'I was speaking about that,' said Jemima, with another snap of her thin lips. 'Miss Pebmarsh knew a thing or two about this fine lady, and she had some letters which she often told me that fine lady would not care for her 'usband or her fine friends to read. Miss Pamela got to know about these letters, and she worried her poor aunt to death, for she wanted to get those letters and sell them to the fine lady for 'undreds of pounds. I 'ave 'eard 'er ask for those letters times and again, but Miss Pebmarsh wouldn't give them to 'er, and they was locked up in the writing-table drawer, and Miss Pamela wanted those letters, for she wanted to get 'undreds of pounds from the fine lady, and my poor mistress was murdered for those letters—and she was murdered by that wicked girl 'oo eat her bread and 'oo would 'ave starved but for 'er. And so I tell you, and I don't care 'oo 'ears me say it.'

"No one had attempted to interrupt Jemima Gadd as she delivered herself of this extraordinary tale, which so suddenly threw an unexpected and lurid light upon the mystery of poor Miss Pebmarsh's death.

"That the tale was a true one, no one doubted for a single instant. One look at the face of the accused was sufficient to prove it beyond question. Pamela Pebmarsh had become absolutely livid; she tottered almost as if she would fall, and the constable had to support her until a chair was brought forward for her.

"As for Jemima Gadd, she remained absolutely impassive. Having given her evidence, she stepped aside automatically like a yellow waxen image, which had been wound up and had now run down. There was silence for awhile. Pamela Pebmarsh, more dead than alive, was sipping a glass of brandy and water, which alone prevented her from falling in a dead faint.

"Detective Inspector Robinson now stepped forward. All the spectators there could read on his face the consciousness that his evidence would be of the most supreme import.

"'I was telegraphed for from the Yard,' he said in reply to the coroner, 'and came down here by the first train on the Thursday morning. Beyond the short medical examination the body had not been touched: as the constables know, we don't like things interfered with in cases of this kind. When I went up to look at deceased, the first thing I saw was a piece of paper just under her right hand. Sergeant Evans had seen it before and pointed it out to me. Deceased had a pen in her hand, and the ink bottle was close by. This is the paper I found, sir.'

"And amidst a deadly silence, during which nothing could be heard but the scarcely-perceptible rustle of the paper, the inspector handed a small note across to the coroner. The latter glanced at it for a moment, and his face became very grave and solemn as he turned towards the jury.

"'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'these are the contents of the paper which the inspector found under the hand of the deceased.'

"He paused once more before he began to read, whilst we all in that crowded court held our breath to listen:

"'*I am dying. My murderess is my niece, Pam*——'

"'That is all, gentlemen,' added the coroner, as he folded up the note. 'Death overtook the unfortunate woman in the very act of writing down the name of her murderess.'

"Then there was a wild, an agonised shriek of horror. Pamela Pebmarsh, with hair dishevelled and eyes in which the light of madness had begun to gleam, threw up her hands, and without a word, and without a groan fell down senseless upon the floor."

CHAPTER III.

"Yes," said the man in the corner with a chuckle, "there was enough evidence there to hang twenty people, let alone that one fool of a girl who had run her neck so madly into a noose. I don't suppose that anyone left the court that day with the slightest doubt in their minds as to what the verdict would be; for the coroner had adjourned the inquest, much to the annoyance of the jury, who had fully made up their minds and had their verdict pat on the tips of their tongues: 'Wilful murder against Pamela Pebmarsh.'

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"But this was a case which to the last kept up its reputation for surprises. By the next morning rumour had got about that 'the lady of the aristocracy,' referred to by Jemima Gadd, and who was supposed to have paid a regular pension to Miss Pebmarsh, was none other than Lady de Chavas-e.

"When the name was first mentioned, everyone—especially the fair sex—shrugged their shoulders and said: 'Of course, what else *could* one expect?'

"As a matter of fact, Lady de Chavasse, *née* Birdie Fay, was one of the most fashionable women in society; she was at the head of a dozen benevolent institutions, was a generous patron of hospitals, and her house was one of the most exclusive ones in London. True, she had been on the stage in her younger days, and when Sir Percival de Chavasse married her, his own relations looked somewhat askance at the showy, handsome girl who had so daringly entered the ancient county family.

"Sir Percival himself was an extraordinarily proud man—proud of his lineage, of his social status, of the honour

"There was a wild, an agonised shriek of horror. Pamela Pebmarsh . . . without a word and without a groan fell down senseless upon the floor."

of his name. His very pride had forced his relations, had forced society to accept his beautiful young wife, and to Lady de Chavasse's credit be it said, not one breath of scandal as to her past life had ever become public gossip. No one could assert that they *knew* anything derogatory to Birdie Fay before she became the proud baronet's wife. As a matter of fact, all society asserted that Sir Percival would never have married her and introduced her to his own family circle if there had been any gossip about her.

"Now suddenly the name of Lady de Chavasse was on everybody's tongue. People at first spoke it under their breath, for everyone felt great sympathy with her. She was so rich, and entertained so lavishly. She was very charming, too; most fascinating in her

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ways; deferential to her austere mother-in-law; not a little afraid of her proud husband; very careful lest by word or look she betrayed her early connection with the stage before him.

"On the following day, however, we had further surprises in store for us. Pamela Pebmarsh, advised by a shrewd and clear-headed solicitor, had at last made up her mind to view her danger a little more coolly and to speak rather more of the truth than she had done hitherto.

"Still looking very haggard, but perhaps a little less scared, she now made a statement which, when it was fully substantiated, as she stated it could be, would go far towards clearing her of the terrible imputation against her. Her story was this: On the memorable day in question, she did go up to town, intending to go to the theatre. At the station she purchased an evening paper, which she began to read. This paper in its fashionable columns contained an announcement which arrested her attention; this was that Sir Percival and Lady de Chavasse had returned to their flat in town at 51, Marsden Mansions, Belgravia, from "The Chase," Melton Mowbray.

"'De Chavasse,' continued Pamela, 'was the name of the lady who paid my aunt the small pension on which she lived. I knew her years ago, when she was on the stage, and I suddenly thought I would like to go and see her, just to have a chat over old times. Instead of going to the theatre, I went and had some dinner at Slater's, in Piccadilly, and then I thought I would take my chance, and go and see if Lady de Chavasse was at home. I got to 51, Marsden Mansions, about eight o'clock, and was fortunate enough to see Lady de Chavasse at once. She kept me talking some considerable time; so much so, in fact, that I missed the 11 from St. Pancras. I only left Marsden Mansions at a quarter to eleven, and had to wait at St. Pancras until twenty minutes past midnight.'

"This was all reasonable and clear enough, and, as her legal adviser had subpœnaed Lady de Chavasse as a witness, Pamela Pebmarsh seemed to have found an excellent way out of her terrible difficulties, the only question being whether Lady de Chavasse's testimony alone would, in view of her being Pamela's friend, be sufficient to weigh against the terribly overwhelming evidence of Miss Pebmarsh's dying accusation.

"But Lady de Chavasse settled this doubtful point in a way least expected by anyone. Exquisitely dressed, golden-haired, and brilliant complexioned, she looked strangely out of place in this fusty little village court, amidst the local dames in their plain gowns and antiquated bonnets. She was, moreover, extremely self-possessed, and only cast a short, very haughty, look at the unfortunate girl whose life probably hung upon that fashionable woman's word.

"'Yes,' she said sweetly in reply to the coroner, 'she was the wife of Sir Percival de Chavasse, and resided at 51, Marsden Mansions, Belgravia.'

"'The accused, I understand, has been known to you for some time?' continued the coroner.

"'Pardon me,' rejoined Lady de Chavasse, speaking in a beautifully modulated voice, 'I did know this young—hem—person, years ago, when I was on the stage, but, of course, I had not seen her for years.'

"'She called on you on Wednesday last at about nine o'clock?'

"'Yes, she did, for the purpose of levying blackmail upon me.'

"There was no mistaking the look of profound aversion and contempt which the fashionable lady now threw upon the poor girl before her.

"'She had some preposterous story about some letters which she alleged would be compromising to my reputation,' continued Lady de Chavasse quietly. 'These she had the kindness to offer me for sale, for a few hundred pounds. At first her impudence staggered me, as, of course, I had no knowledge of any such letters. She threatened to take them to my husband, however, and I then—rather foolishly, perhaps—suggested that she should bring them to me first. I forget how the conversation went on, but she left me with the understanding that she would get the letters from her aunt, Miss Pebmarsh, who, by the way, had been my governess when I was a child, and to whom I paid a small pension in consideration of her having been left absolutely without means.'

"And Lady de Chavasse, conscious of her own disinterested benevolence, pressed a highly-scented bit of cambric to her delicate nose.

"'Then the accused did spend the evening with you on that Wednesday?' asked the coroner, while a great sigh of relief seemed to come from poor Pamela's breast.

"'Pardon me,' said Lady de Chavasse, 'she spent a little time with me. She came about nine o'clock.'

"'Yes. And when did she leave?'

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"'I really couldn't tell you—about ten o'clock, I think.'

"'You are not sure?' persisted the coroner. 'Think, Lady de Chavasse,' he added earnestly, 'try to think—the life of a fellow-creature may, perhaps, depend upon your memory.'

"'I am indeed sorry,' she replied in the same musical voice. 'I could not swear without being positive, could I? And I am not quite positive.'

"'But your servants?'

"'They were at the back of the flat—the girl let herself out.'

"'But your husband?'

"'Oh! when he saw me engaged with the girl he went out to his club, and was not yet home when she left.'

"'Birdie! Birdie! won't you try and remember?' here came in an agonised cry from the unfortunate girl, who thus saw her last hope vanish before her eyes.

"But Lady de Chavasse only lifted a little higher a pair of very prettily-arched eyebrows, and having finished her evidence she stepped on one side and presently left the court, leaving behind her a faint aroma of violet sachet powder, and taking away with her, perhaps, the last hope of an innocent fellow-creature."

CHAPTER IV.

"But Pamela Pebmarsh?" I asked after a while, for he had paused and was gazing attentively at the photograph of a very beautiful and exquisitely-gowned woman.

"Ah, yes, Pamela Pebmarsh," he said with a smile. "There was yet another act in that palpitating drama of her life—one act—the *dénouement* as unexpected as it was thrilling. Salvation came where it was least expected—from Jemima Gadd, who seemed to have made up her mind that Pamela had killed her aunt, and yet who was the first to prove her innocence.

"She had been shown the few words which the murdered woman was alleged to have written after she had been stabbed. Jemima, not a very good scholar, found it difficult to decipher the words herself.

"'Ah, well, poor dear,' she said after a while, with a deep sigh, 'er 'andwriting was always peculiar, seein' as 'ow she wrote always with 'er left 'and.'

"'*Her left hand!!!*' gasped the coroner, while public and jury alike, hardly liking to credit their ears, hung upon the woman's thin lips, amazed, aghast, puzzled.

"'Why yes!' said Jemima placidly. 'Didn't you know she 'ad a bad accident to 'er right 'and when she was a child, and never could 'old anything in it? 'er fingers were like paralysed; the ink-pot was always on the left of 'er writing-table. Oh! she couldn't write with 'er right 'and at all.'

"Then a strange revulsion of feeling came over everyone there.

"Stabbed in the back, with her lung pierced through and through, how could she have done, dying, what she never did in life?

"Impossible!

"The murderer, whoever it was, had placed pen and paper to her hand, and had written on it the cruel words which were intended to delude justice and to send an innocent fellow-creature—a young girl not five-and-twenty—to an unjust and ignominious death. But, fortunately for that innocent girl, the cowardly miscreant had ignored the fact that Miss Pebmarsh's right hand had been paralysed for years.

"The inquest was adjourned for a week," continued the man in the corner, "which enabled Pamela's solicitor to obtain further evidence of her innocence. Fortunately for her, he was enabled to find two witnesses who had seen her in an omnibus going towards St. Pancras at about 11.15 p.m., and a passenger on the 12.25 train who had travelled down with her as far as Hendon. Thus, when the inquest was resumed Pamela Pebmarsh left the court without a stain upon her character.

(*At this point try to solve the mystery yourselves.*—ED.)

"But the murder of Miss Pebmarsh has remained a mystery to this day—as has also the secret history of the compromising letters. Did they exist or not? is a question the interested spectators at that memorable inquest have often asked themselves. Certain is it that failing Pamela Pebmarsh, who might have wanted them for purposes of blackmail, no one else could be interested in them except Lady de Chavasse."

"Lady de Chavasse!" I ejaculated in surprise. Surely you are not going to pretend that that elegant lady went down to Boreham Wood in the middle of the night in order to murder Miss Pebmarsh, and then to lay the crime at another woman's door?"

"I only pretend what's logic," replied the man in the corner with inimitable conceit; "and in Pamela Pebmarsh's own statement, she was with Lady de Chavasse at 51, Marsden Mansions, until eleven o'clock, and there is no train from St. Pancras to Boreham Wood between eleven and twenty-five minutes

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past midnight. Pamela's *alibi* becomes that of Lady de Chavasse, and is quite conclusive. Besides, that elegant lady was not one to do that sort of work for herself."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Do you mean to say you never thought of the real solution of this mystery?" he retorted sarcastically.

"I confess——" I began a little irritably.

"Confess that I have not yet taught you to think logically, and to look at the beginning of things."

"What do you call the beginning of this case, then?"

"Why! the compromising letters, of course."

"But," I argued.

"Wait a minute!" he shrieked excitedly, whilst with frantic haste he began fidgeting, fidgeting again at that eternal bit of string. "These did exist, otherwise why did Lady de Chavasse parley with Pamela Pebmarsh? Why did she not order her out of the house then and there if she had nothing to fear from her?"

"I admit that," I said.

"Very well; then, as she was too fine, too delicate, to commit the villainous murder of which she afterwards accused poor Miss Pamela, who was there sufficiently interested in those letters to try and gain possession of them for her?"

"Who, indeed?" I queried, still puzzled, still not understanding.

"Aye! who but her husband," shrieked the funny creature, as with a sharp snap he broke his beloved string in two.

"Her husband!" I gasped.

"Why not? He had plenty of time, plenty of pluck. In a flat it is easy enough to overhear conversations that take place in the next room—he was in the house at the time, remember, for Lady de Chavasse said herself that he went out afterwards. No doubt he overheard everything — the compromising letters, and Pamela's attempt at levying blackmail. What the effect of such a discovery must have been upon the proud man I leave you to imagine—his wife's social position ruined, a stain upon his ancient name, his relations pointing the finger of scorn at his folly.

"Can't you picture him, hearing the two women's talk in the next room, and then resolving at all costs to possess himself of those compromising letters? He had just time to catch the 10 train to Boreham Wood.

"Mind you, I don't suppose that he went down there with any evil intent. Most likely he only meant to buy those letters from Miss Pebmarsh. What happened, however, nobody can say but the murderer himself.

"Who knows? But the deed done, imagine the horror of a refined, aristocratic man face to face with such a crime as that.

"Was it this terror, or merely rage at the girl who had been the original cause of all this, that prompted him to commit the final villainy of writing out a false accusation and placing it under the dead woman's hand? Who can tell?

"Then, the deed done, and the *mise-en-scène* complete, he is able to catch the last train—11.23—back to town. A man travelling alone would pass practically unperceived.

"Pamela's innocence was proved, and the murder of Miss Pebmarsh has remained a mystery, but if you will reflect on my conclusions you will admit that no one else—*no one else*—could have committed that murder, for no one else had a greater interest in the destruction of those letters."

"Can't you picture him, hearing the two women's talk in the next room?"

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SUBMARINED

by WALTER WOOD

The Thrilling Adventure of a Disabled Battleship.

THE *Samson*, first-class battleship, lonely, and for the time disabled as a fighter, floundered through a thick fog and a heavy sea. She was down by the head, in spite of all the pumps could do, and the leaks were gaining slowly. The ship drove through the stormy darkness into a cheerless dawn; but the fog passed with the night, and the daybreak showed that she had been steering straight for a sullen, rocky coast. "That lift in the fog saved us," remarked the Captain to the Commander, who was standing by his side. "Ten minutes more and few of us would have had breath enough left to pray with. Ugh!" He shrugged his shoulders.

Already the *Samson* was going full speed astern with her engines. "In a roundabout way it's luck," said the Captain, "for since the water is coming in faster than we can pump it out, I'm going to run in here until we're patched up. We're in the enemy's territory, it's true, but better that than foundering."

An hour later the *Samson* was snug in a tiny natural harbour, and divers were at work patching up as best they could her wounded side. Some officers and men were ashore, sweeping the bleak land with glasses, to see whether their coming was known, and a boat—the only serviceable one that was left to the *Samson*—had been sent out to watch for the enemy.

"Look here, and see how safely we could ride if it weren't for the submarines," said the Captain to the Commander. "I know every yard of the region, and it's like this." He drew with a pencil on a slip of paper a rough but clear plan of the anchorage and entrance. "Here's the ship, snug and safe in deep water. Here's the entrance, deep and narrow, a mere neck, with shoal water on each side. To get in at all a ship must exactly hit the

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middle, otherwise she's done for. We don't need to be here for more than twenty-four hours, we can patch her up well enough in that time to steam home; and our friends are so busy elsewhere that they'll scarcely have time to give a thought to an out of the way spot like this. Ah! they're signalling from the shore that they can see nothing. That's good—excellent!"

"Yes, but——" the Commander finished his sentence with a look seaward and a sweep of the arm.

"Um," murmured the Captain, with a troubled look. "But if we're trapped I'll fight the *Samson* till she sinks. Remember that, Arnold, she must never surrender."

"She won't while I live," replied Arnold.

The boat came alongside, and the officer in command reported that one of the enemy's torpedo boats had dashed into view, stopped for an instant, and had gone back the way she came.

"So they've spotted us," said the Captain. "Well, we must see what it's best to do." He called his officers into his cabin, and held a hurried council of war. Every man was invited to speak freely, and each did so, except Harden, the torpedo lieutenant. For the most part the officers favoured the idea of the Commander, which was that the *Samson* should put to sea at once, and trust to Providence and her engines.

"Unfortunately," replied the Captain, "it can't be done. We can't get out of the channel—it's ebb tide, and already there isn't water enough to float us over the entrance. Depend upon it, though, we'll get out on the top of the next flood. What we must consider is what we have to do till then. *You* haven't spoken," he said, with a smile, turning to Harden. "Come, you've had some original ideas at manœuvres. How do your thoughts run now, when ideas are infinitely more needed?"

Harden stepped forward shyly. "Well, sir," he said, "of course, as most submarines are now provided with a 'Nocticope' attachment to the periscope, they can see to manœuvre at night equally as well as in the day. I feel sure we shall be attacked at night. I have been thinking; and I have an idea. Perhaps it isn't much; I'll just explain it my own way." He began nervously to expound his plan. When he started there were one or two men who smiled; but when he finished the officers clustered earnestly about him. Harden was great on submarines, and how to circumvent and destroy them; and he had spoken of them now.

For a full minute there was silence. The Captain, with folded arms, looked steadily at the young man. "Your scheme is just probable, I believe," he said very gravely. "But there is one point on which there can be little or no doubt. You might destroy any submarine that tried to reach us—but you would lose your own life."

"The ship would be saved, sir," answered the torpedo lieutenant.

Again there was perfect silence. "Well, I shall let you try," the Captain told him. "And all the more readily because we have only one mine left. I sincerely wish you luck. If you want help, I will ask for volunteers."

Instantly there was a chorus of eager voices. Apparently not an officer present valued his life to the extent of a farthing candle.

"No, sir," said Harden. "I can do it better alone."

"Will you have a diver with you?" asked the Captain. "There's the gunner—he's a perfect genius at the work."

"If I may do it entirely by myself—at the finish, I'd rather, sir," replied the torpedo lieutenant; and it was settled so.

"Don't let anything leak out," said the Captain in a low voice, to the officers about him. "The scheme must be kept quiet. I don't want the men demoralised—and you know how things act on their imaginations? Nothing seems to move them more than a fear of the unknown and the unseen. You all understand?"

There was a murmured chorus of "Yes, sir."

"As for these submarines," whispered the Captain to the Commander as they returned to the deck, "my fervent prayer is like Nelson's of something else—curse them all. It isn't what I call honest fighting. Why," he added bitterly, "haven't we some means of guarding against them?"

"If Harden's scheme is a success, don't you think we've solved the puzzle, sir?" asked the Commander, with a grim smile.

"By Jove, yes—you're right," returned the Captain. "I hadn't thought of it in that light. Now we must get the crinolines out."

The clumsy torpedo-nets were laced together and hung completely round the *Samson* from the ends of her great steel booms; but because of the net-cutters of the enemy's torpedoes the Captain had not unbounded faith in this method of protection. He believed much more earnestly in the unorthodox scheme which had originated in the fertile brain of the torpedo lieutenant. Nothing was said of such a scheme in any of

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the text-books published by authority; but this naval war had shattered many theories and shown that the victory was to the daring and resourceful.

"Before you actually begin operations," said the Captain to Harden, "study this. Your pet hobby is submarining—mine is charting. and I hope that peace hath her victories, which will prove not less renowned than those of war. Here's a chart of the harbour—I made it myself once while on a pleasure-trip along the coast hereabouts, never thinking that it might some day help to get me and mine out of a perfect death-trap. Everything is in your favour so far as the water and the bottom go, for the one is as clear as crystal and the other is as smooth and level as a tennis-lawn. And the depth is not too great, I take it, for comfortable work in longish spells?"

"It ought to be child's play, sir," said Harden.

They bent over the chart together.

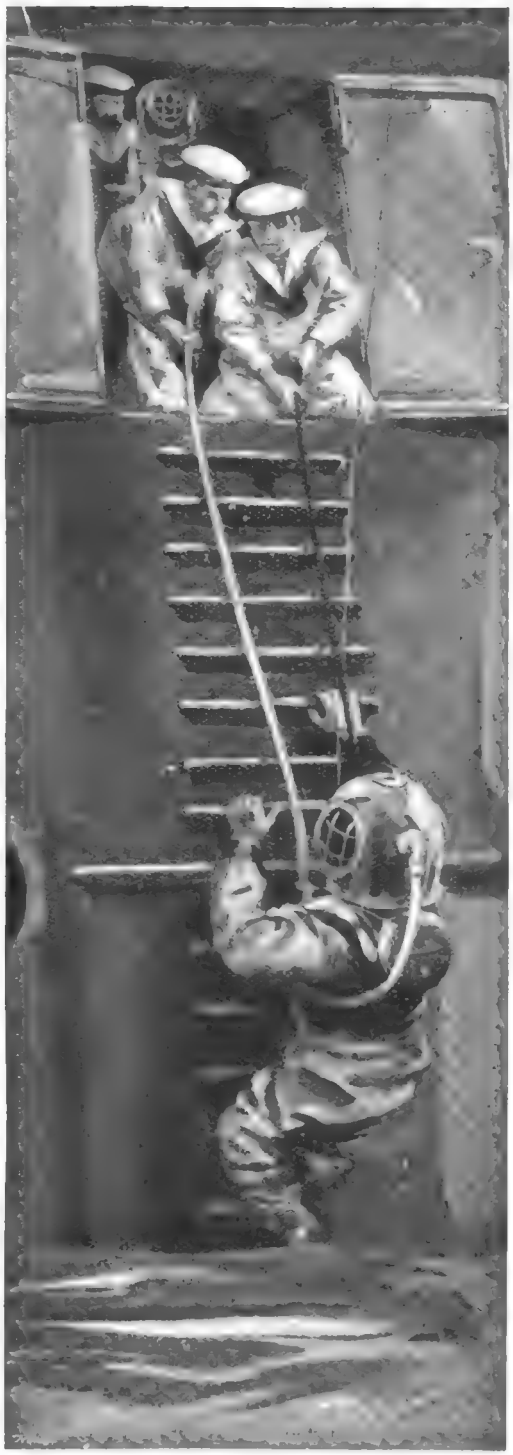
"Now," said the Captain after the scrutiny, "make a trial trip, and come up and tell me honestly what you think. If you then believe that the plan won't work, don't hesitate to tell me so. I'm terribly anxious that there should be no failure, and we may even yet try other means, for there is plenty of daylight, and no submarine will dare to come before it is dark."

"But I am sure of myself," insisted Harden, and he made ready.

Harden had trained as a diver, and being a man who believed in efficiency, he had trained thoroughly. He had started at the beginning, and only left off at the twenty-five fathoms stage. He was one of the few men in the *Samson* who could bear the enormous pressure of the water at the great depth of 150 feet. He knew his apparatus, his captain and his assistants, and had blind faith in them all, which is half the battle with a diver. But in view of the task before him, he was glad that the extreme depth at which he must now work did not exceed 25 feet at low water, which was only just enough to float the ship. At high water 15 feet more had to be reckoned, so that at the worst the depth was only 40 feet.

Harden's dress was of the latest pattern, and was fitted with a telephone which established communication between the diver and the *Samson*.

He went over the side and down the ladder amid perfect silence, and only when



He went over the side and down the ladder amid perfect silence.

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air bubbles escaped from the surface of the water was the intense strain relieved so that men could talk in whispers.

It was significant that already Harden's comrades spoke of him as a friend from whom they had finally parted. Bu messages passed between the torpedo lieutenant and the Captain, and in half-an-hour Harden had come to the surface, and was in earnest conversation with the chief again. After that he re-descended, and except for two or three more breaks of the same nature he remained below until his preparatory work was done.

"It's lucky the pressure is no greater," he observed, "or I should collapse." He spoke bravely, but he was suffering acutely, and the rush of air into the helmet more than once deafened the Captain's comforting and anxious replies.

At the outset Harden worked on the sea-bed in the company of two bluejacket divers, moving clumsily and cautiously about, and handling carefully a certain cylindrical iron water-tight case, which had been lowered from the battleship. This was an observation mine, and contained 72lb. of guncotton. It was a mine of priceless value, for it was the only one which was left to the *Samson*, and of which the Captain had spoken. It was too precious to risk as a defence to the harbour entrance, for a submarine might escape it, and because of this the Captain had listened with approval to Harden's scheme. So clear were the water and the atmosphere that the company of the *Samson* could see the workers in the depths; but Harden and the bluejackets groped as in a black fog.

At last the torpedo lieutenant clambered up out of the water and was helped on to the deck. The ridges in his suit showed how hard had been the pressure upon him. Again he was closeted with the Captain.

"Well," said the chief kindly. "But before you talk drink that, and get your wind back. You must be pretty well poisoned and compressed."

"Thank you, sir," said Harden gratefully. "Truth to tell, I *am* a bit winded." He drank the glass of whiskey and soda which the Captain had prepared.

"Yes," said the Captain anxiously. "That's a point which is bothering me. How long can you hold out?"

"Till I burst, sir," replied the torpedo lieutenant respectfully, but with a smile.

"I believe you—I believe you," said the Captain admiringly. "By Jove, my lad, but if you *do* succeed, it will be a case of the engineer being hoisted with his own petard, with a vengeance. Now just tell me the truth—can it be done?"

"It can, sir," answered Harden firmly.

"Good!" commented the Captain delightedly. "How have you placed it? Remember, all our eggs are in one basket, so to speak. We *must* keep that submarine off."

The lieutenant explained what he had done.

"Good," repeated the Captain. "Now, let us thoroughly understand your plan: You wait and watch, and, when the time comes, press your own button. If that fails, you warn us, and we let go instantly. If that isn't a success—well—I know enough about torpedoes to understand what they can do. Now go and sleep. I'll have you called at sunset."

Harden withdrew to his cabin, but excitement banished sleep. The hours passed very slowly; but at last the sun set, and the torpedo lieutenant again went over the side, dressed as a diver. This time he was alone. "Don't forget," whispered the Captain, "to send a message often—then we shall know you're all right."

It was very solemn for them all as soon as the darkness came. There was no moon, but the air was clear, and the stars shone peacefully and brightly, suggesting, but not disclosing, the dim outline of the rocky shore. Not a light was showing on the *Samson*. She lay, a huge dark mass of steel, on the water; but ready at a second's notice to burst into a roar of anger and a blaze of light. At all her shotted machine and quick-firing guns, the crews were standing; the engineers stood to their levers, and at each search-light were men ready to throw the intense beams through the darkness.

On the sea-bed the torpedo lieutenant was not less ready for the coming of the foe. His engine of destruction was so arranged as to cover a considerable part of the area in which it was possible for a submarine boat to work.

His theory was that, on the bed of the sea, in water which was clear and not too deep, knowing exactly the spot where a stealthy enemy must enter, and from which in all probability she would fire her torpedo, he could, with the help of the *Samson's* search-lights, detect her approach; and seeing her coming he could destroy her utterly before she could injure the battleship. The lights were to be turned on as soon as he signalled that he was ready for them.

Harden looked about him and above him, fearful lest some unseen foe should come before the arrangements for receiving him

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He saw a shadowy, cigar-shaped form coming very slowly towards him.

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There was a most appalling crash and flash.

were finished. But there was no sign of a submarine, and as darkness had only just set in it was scarcely likely that the enemy would make his effort yet.

It was very dark where Harden was, and terribly lonely and uncanny. He began to wish that he had brought a bluejacket diver with him, if only for company but he remembered that the scheme was his own entirely, and that he had pledged himself to carry it out alone, since there was an all-round belief that the experimenter would never live to tell of his adventure on the sea-bed.

He made his signal, and was no longer in darkness. The sea was suffused with light—a dull, green glow, caused by the play of the battleship's searchlights on the surface of the water. Of these the *Samson* carried half-a-dozen, and all were now so handled that they completely swept the sea in the neighbourhood of the hull.

The air was still clear as well as the water, the searchlights worked unblinkingly, and Harden was sure that he would be able to detect any submarine that might approach. He could perceive the dim shadowy hulk of the huge battleship—a long, broad dark outline on the greenish glow.

The torpedo lieutenant maintained his weird vigil, in the dull illumined water, and he could now see tolerably clearly ahead and about him. He never let his eyes be drawn away from the narrow neck of the anchorage. They were aching with the strain upon them when he saw a shadowy cigar-shaped form coming very slowly towards him.

At last!

Almost instinctively he began gently to press the button of his mine; but he overcame the thrill of the excitement, and stayed his hand. He held his breath, too, for he saw that the growing outline was in very truth a submarine — a craft which was coming in a straight line for the *Samson*, and would be within sure striking distance of her in a few seconds. It was passing slowly overhead like some foul monster of the deep.

Even as he looked Harden saw a long narrow body leave the bow of the submarine. He gave a groan. "Too late," he thought, as the fish-like body of a torpedo passed overhead—an awful sight, and doubly terrifying as seen in that appalling gloom. For a second or two it seemed as if his heart stood still. He waited a second or two longer; then hearing no sound of explosion he assumed that the torpedo had missed its mark and failed to act.

Harden's intense fear was followed by a paroxysm of fury. He jammed the button home, reckless of personal peril, and gave an involuntary cry. He heard a loud smothered roar; the water seemed to press upon him with annihilating force, and the dull light of the sea gave place to overwhelming darkness.

* * * * *

When Harden came to himself again he

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found that he was lying in the Captain's cabin, and that the chaplain was sitting near him. On seeing the patient open his eyes the chaplain raised his hand and commanded silence. "You're not to speak or ask anything," he said. "But it was very beautiful—yes, very, very beautiful. I never saw anything to equal it—not even at the Crystal Palace." The chaplain spoke like a hardened veteran, although this was his first taste of war.

"Then it came off all right?" asked Harden faintly.

"It did," said the chaplain enthusiastically. "It was like this. When you'd gone over the side for the last time we all stood breathless. The anxiety and suspense were too terrible for words. I'm sure there wasn't a soul on board who wouldn't a thousand times rather have been fighting the hottest fight than waiting there in the black darkness, expecting to be blown skywards in atoms. There was always the fear that your plan would fail just at the critical moment, and despite your constant signals we didn't feel either easy or secure. What was more likely than that an approaching submarine would be content to work up to just outside the entrance and discharge a torpedo, do the mischief, and get away in safety? But his very zeal proved his destruction. Apparently he was determined to make absolutely certain of his first shot striking home, and so he crept in to just over your mine. Then a torpedo was fired which must have been bungled. Anyway it did no mischief, for it slid under the ship and the crinoline and struck its evil nose against the foot of the cliff over there, where it exploded, and, I should think, blew out a nice little cove for a boat to rest in."

"It was plucky of 'em," remarked the torpedo lieutenant. "But heavens! My soul was heavier than my leaded boots when I saw the shape of her above me!"

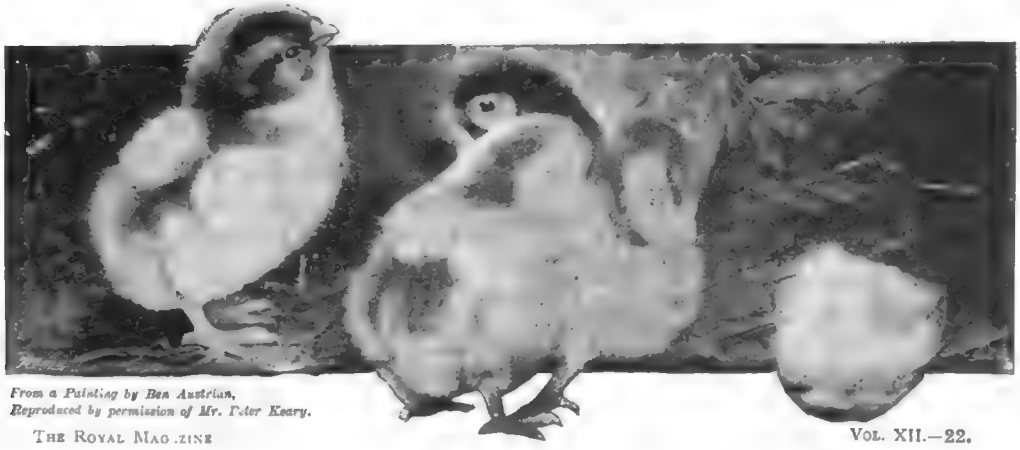
"I was just beginning to feel that I must cry out," continued the chaplain, "when there was the most appalling crash and flash I ever saw. Believe me, it looked as if the sea in front of us was positively belching up the Pit itself. Every searchlight in the ship glared its hardest, every gun on board seemed to blaze and burst. Positively, the water was lashed up so that it looked like a snowstorm. Lucky, indeed, for you that you were out of the zone of fire. When we knew what had really happened—that your mine was exploded, and your enemy destroyed—we gave the loudest cheer I ever heard—a long, deep roar, that must have been carried right away over the sea to where the friends of the submarine were—if she had any waiting about."

"Then you're certain that I was successful, and that there really was a submarine?" asked Harden. "Because, you know, I was in that state of mind and body that I could fancy anything."

"There was evidence given to us," answered the chaplain drily; "parts of the craft came on board, and portions of her crew for that matter. It wasn't pleasant. You annihilated her. We hauled you up, and the doctors did their best for you."

"I was wonderfully lucky," said the torpedo lieutenant gratefully. "I know that if things had gone according to theory I should have been destroyed by the explosion."

"We stuck to the *Samson* and patched her up," added the chaplain, "and got her out at daybreak safely, and without being molested. And here we are, in sight of the dear old island and the forts, and with the *Dromedary* standing by to give us a lift in with the steering. And all this, remember, is due to you and your submarining. But here's the Captain. I'll go—for I know he has some very nice things to say to you, and that he'd rather say them privately."



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A loaf of bread contains nearly 40 per cent. of water.

An Article which Shows what a Surprising Amount of Money we Unconsciously Spend on Water.

By H. J. Holmes.

It will come, no doubt, as a surprise to many people to be told that what they buy as solid food is nothing of the kind. It is partly water. In fact, in some cases it is almost entirely composed of water.

Bought as food, water is a pretty expensive luxury. In several instances it works out at something like ten shillings a glass.

Let us begin with the ordinary eatables that we are accustomed to demolish each morning at breakfast.

Look at that loaf of bread staring us in the face. To all appearance it is solid enough. But it isn't, really. When it came into the hands of the baker as wheaten flour it only contained water to the extent of 17 per cent However, in working up the materials into dough, by kneading and other manipulation, and in the baking, a great change takes place, with the result that the quantity of water has more than doubled. The wheaten flour loaf, as a matter of fact, contains close upon 40 per cent. of water. Curiously enough, its value as a food is increased thereby. The percentage of water in the crust is about half that in the crumb.

Now for the morning rasher of bacon. "Cured" pork does not contain a very large proportion of water; in fact, wherever there is a good deal of fatty matter, there is also a scarcity of moisture. So the man who enjoys his slice of breakfast bacon, be it ham, gammon, or streaky back, may comfort himself with the reflection that he is getting fairly solid value for his money, because bacon only contains 22 per cent of water.

Fresh eggs, on the other hand, are composed of no less than 65 per cent. of water. The analyst from whom I quote has not recorded the watery capacity of the wonderful and mysterious delicacy known as a cooking egg; but, no doubt, if respectable old age has an effect as an evaporative, it is doubtless the case that the percentage is considerably reduced. Still, there is no reason to fear that the comparatively large quantity of water in the new-laid egg will induce anyone to relinquish it for its less moist but elderly relation.

The best dairy-made butter, no matter how carefully prepared, contains a comparatively large percentage of water. Out of 1500 samples of English and foreign butter examined by well-known authorities, a small number contained over 16 per cent. of water; the larger number contained between 11 and 13 per cent. Carelessly manufactured or fraudulently incorporated butter often contains much more water than is permissible by law, and the breakfast-table of the Londoner may include a supply of butter containing as much as 20 per cent.

It is only to be expected that milk, owing to its origin, should vary considerably in its composition. Much depends on the health and surroundings of the animal yielding it. It is rather interesting to know that morning milk, as it comes from the cow, is by no means as nourishing as the evening supply; there is more water in the former. The daily quart of milk even in its purest state contains an average of 87·6 per cent. of water.

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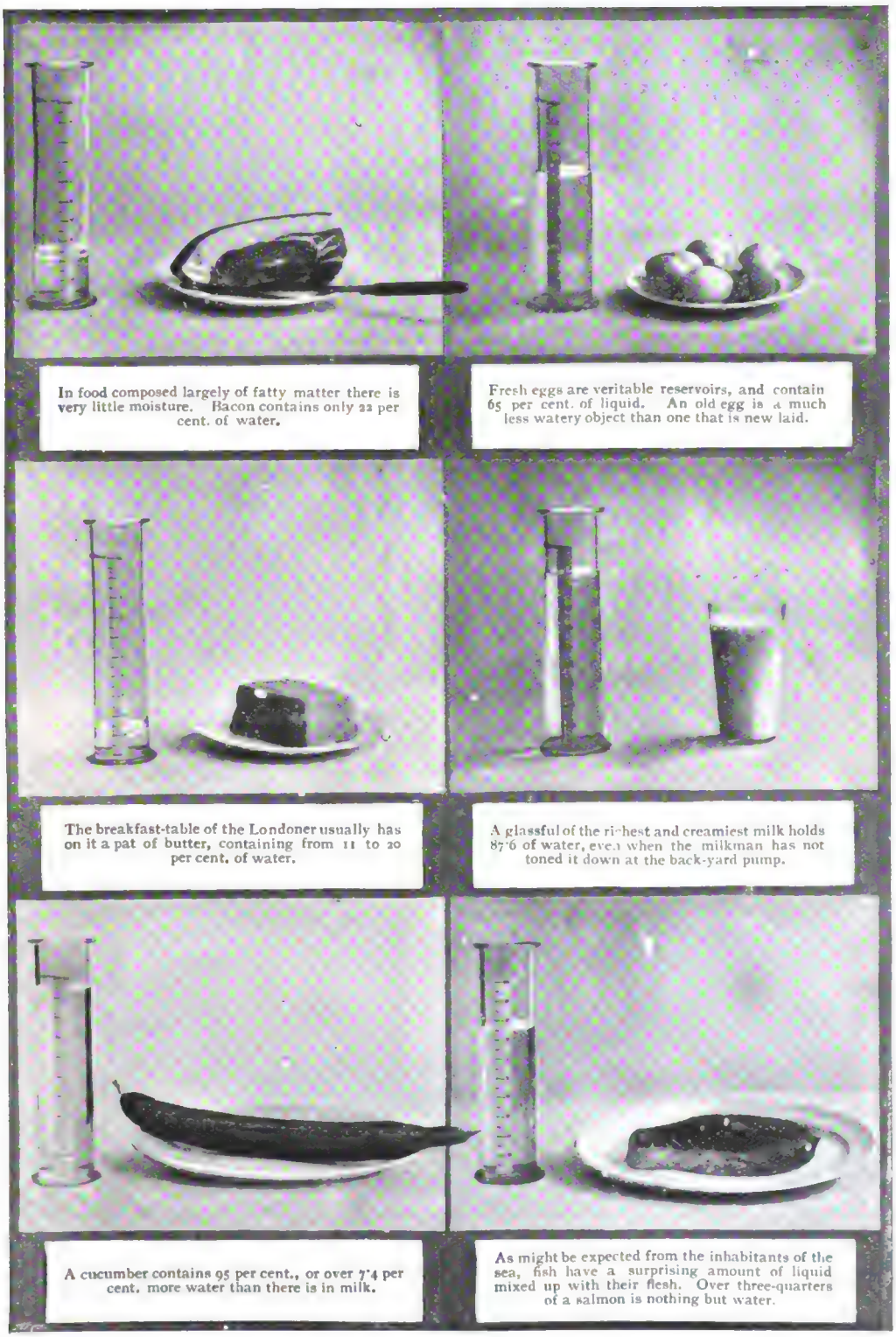

In food composed largely of fatty matter there is very little moisture. Bacon contains only 22 per cent. of water.

Fresh eggs are veritable reservoirs, and contain 65 per cent. of liquid. An old egg is a much less watery object than one that is new laid.

The breakfast-table of the Londoner usually has on it a pat of butter, containing from 11 to 20 per cent. of water.

A glassful of the richest and creamiest milk holds 87·6 of water, even when the milkman has not toned it down at the back-yard pump.

A cucumber contains 95 per cent., or over 7·4 per cent. more water than there is in milk.

As might be expected from the inhabitants of the sea, fish have a surprising amount of liquid mixed up with their flesh. Over three-quarters of a salmon is nothing but water.

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The choicest fish contain the largest percentage of water. Thus turbot and sole are credited with 78 per cent.; salmon 77 per cent.; whilst the commoner inhabitants of the deep blue sea are content with from 40 to 60 per cent., as in the case of the homely "bloater."

With salmon, of course, cucumber is indispensable. It will surprise most people to learn that the vegetable celebrated for its coolness is by no means as solid as it looks. "As cool as a cucumber," is a household term. The coolness is easily explained. It is almost entirely composed of water—that is, 95 per cent., or over 7·4 per cent. more than is contained in milk, which is itself a liquid.

Let us try the next course.

We are all fond of poultry, and it will therefore be particularly interesting to learn what the analysts have to say as to the quantity of water we buy when we order a "bird." It may be well to state here that as fat increases in various forms of food, the presence of hydrogen and nitrogen is decreased in the proportions necessary for the formation of water in a pronounced degree. With the increase of fat in the flesh, the water diminishes. The same result applies to all classes of food.

Geese, being, as a rule, very well furnished with fat, have a low proportion of water in their composition—only 38 per cent. in fact. But young turkeys, chickens, and ducks, on the contrary, have a very large proportion—about 70 per cent. Pigeons go higher still, managing to reach the surprising figure of 75 per cent of water.

The salad must not be forgotten. Here is a further instance of what little substance may be in an apparent solid, for the cabbage lettuce holds 92 per cent. of water.

Coming now to the bone and sinew, as it were, of the dinner table, we must pay a little attention to the joints.

When a housekeeper goes to her butcher's and chooses a nice little joint of, say, twelve or fourteen pounds, she little dreams, when she takes out her purse to pay, that 9lb. or 10½lb. of the superfine cut is simply—water. If the lady only knew it, she might have a fit on the spot. Yet analysts declare that 75 per cent. of uncooked beef is nothing more than water.

Then, again, they declare that mutton contains exactly the same percentage. Though the mutton may be of the best Southdown brand, it matters not. Three-fourths of the magnificent leg yonder is merely water. It seems a great pity, but it is so. The mystic processes practised in the seclusion of the analytical laboratory have revealed the important secret.

Lamb is not so full of moisture. It contains only 64 per cent. of water. Fresh pork stands the lowest, with 50 to 55 per cent.

Coming to the vegetables, we discover that they are nearly all water. Although not so full of moisture as the cucumber, the turnip is hard to beat with its 90 per cent. of fluid; the cabbage comes next with 87 per cent.; whilst the vegetable marrow runs neck and neck with the cucumber, being only removed from water itself by 4 or 5 per cent.! The marrow is a mere network of solid matter in which the moisture is suspended.

Potatoes, which have always been regarded as very solid food, are nothing of the kind. Still, they are nutritious enough. Indeed, in parts of Ireland they form the main diet of a peasantry remarkable for their muscular strength. Yet 74 per cent. of water is secreted in this valuable vegetable.

Coming now to cheese, it is remarkable how the percentage of water varies in the different brands. For instance, the American manufactured cheese consists of 25 per cent. water; cheddar averages 33; gorgonzola, 40; camembert, 47; whilst cream (York) tops the bill at 63 per cent. of water. Stilton, on the contrary, is very low in moisture, 20 per cent. of water being as much as it usually contains.

Fruit, as a rule, is composed in a large degree of water. Apples, for example, contain 80 per cent., and strawberries 90 per cent. of moisture, whilst grapes, strangely enough, have just the same proportion of water in their composition as apples, although the difference between them seems so pronounced, one being hard, the other soft and luscious.

It will be seen that most of the good things of life are largely composed of water; but it is better for us that this is so. Nature knows more about our digestive powers than we know ourselves, and she has designed her products—fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit—with so cunning a hand that the water contained in each is essential to the happiness and peace of the average "Little Mary."

Food containing very little water in its composition is not, as a rule, good to eat until a suitable process of cooking has rendered it safe by adding a further supply of water to it, and boiling, as is well known, is the process that renders our food most wholesome and easy of digestion.

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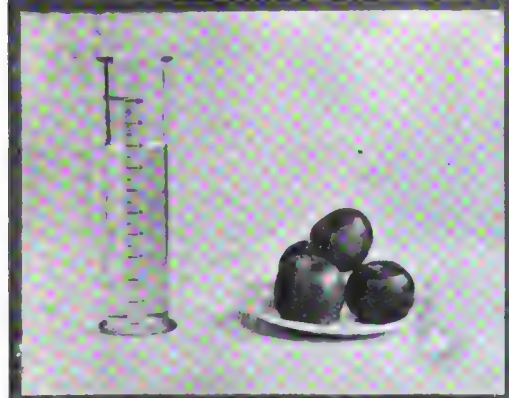
In a sirloin of beef, weighing fourteen pounds, the customer pays the butcher for ten-and-a-half pounds of water.

Vegetables are almost entirely made up of water. A cabbage contains only 8 per cent. less moisture than a cucumber.

Nearly three-quarters of a potato is nothing but water.

The quantity of water in cheese varies according to the brand, American manufactured cheese contains 25, cheddar 33, and gorgonzola 40 per cent. of moisture.



Four-fifths of an apple is composed of water. Although apples are so very much more solid, they contain exactly the same proportion of water as grapes.

Although grapes are described as nothing but "skin and water," they contain 10 per cent. less moisture than strawberries.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor will be very Pleased to Hear of Any Strange and Romantic Adventure you may Have Heard of.

The Lion and the Zulu.

MASHONALAND is the home of this adventure.

An Englishman had one day set out into the wilds on a shooting expedition. He was alone, but for his Zulu servant, Job, who followed behind and carried a cowhide shield and a couple of assegais in his right hand.

As they walked along, the Zulu espied a huge lion lying on the top of a stony ridge. Both men stopped. In a low voice the Englishman explained to Job what he intended to do. He had heard that if a lion is approached boldly, he will turn tail and bolt.

This was what he intended to test. Having given Job certain directions, the Englishman began to climb up the ridge.

Step by step he ascended. The lion slowly raised itself on all fours, and lashed its tail from right to left. So far there was nothing to fear. But, suddenly the long-tufted tail ceased its sidelong swing. At first slowly, then quicker, it lashed up and down. The long yellow mane grew more erect, and, with an ominous growl, the lion crouched.

In an instant the Englishman had brought his rifle to the shoulder, and sent a bullet tearing through the yellow body. An angry roar of pain followed. A long body, with tail outstretched and paws extended, rushed through the air. A dull thud and the Englishman was rolling down the slope.

Bruised, but otherwise unhurt, he sat up. Not twenty yards away he saw the Zulu bounding towards the lion, armed only with two assegais, and guarding his body with the cowhide shield.

"Back—go back!" his master called.

But the Zulu, shouting loudly, made straight for the enraged animal.

Quick as a flash Job thrust one of his assegais into the lion's side. Snarling furiously, the brute sprang at him and bore him to the ground.

By now the Englishman had advanced to the rescue. His rifle lay useless, with a large dent in the barrel. But, drawing his hunting-knife, he rushed at the lion, and, with a rapid stroke, severed the tendons of one of its hind legs.

Again the wounded animal turned on him, and, seizing him in its paws, hurled him right over its head. Then, with another savage growl, it crawled towards the helpless Zulu.

Once more the Englishman returned to the attack. This time he succeeded in cutting the other tendon. The lion roared loudly, but its back legs were useless.

With a cry of triumph the Zulu sprang to his feet, and buried his assegai deep in the animal's heart.

Although both men bore many wounds from their life struggle with the lion, they did not return without bringing back with them the lion's skin as a trophy.

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A Running Fight.

TOMMY was a cat. His master was an engine-driver. Tommy had one night appeared on the engine, and from that day had made it his home.

Travelling seemed to fascinate Tommy. Most of the day he would sit in front of the engine, not minding in the least how fast the train was moving. When he was hungry up he would get, trot along the narrow ledge running round the huge boiler, and purr and drink the milk that was always waiting for him in the engine-cab.

From all this it will be seen that Tommy was no ordinary cat, as a certain sharp-billed eagle soon discovered. Here is the story.

As usual, Tommy was seated in front of the engine with his tail curled under him, admiring the scenery. All along the line grew trees, occasionally broken by a deep gully, spanned by a towering trestle bridge.

The train was slowly rounding a corner when Tommy espied an eagle perched on the top of a dead spruce-tree. Precisely at the moment Tommy spied the eagle, the eagle also espied Tommy.

Now, although Tommy was rather fond of birds, he had no desire to eat the eagle. But, unfortunately, it was not the same with the eagle in the spruce. Its sharp little eyes fixed themselves on Tommy's sleek body.

By the time the train had arrived alongside the tree, which was a hundred times quicker than it has taken to describe, the eagle had lowered its head, pointing it directly at Tommy.

A loud flap! A quick swoop, and the bird was on Tommy. But Tommy was more awake than he appeared, and was quite ready for action, before the eagle had nearly reached him.

At first the bird tried to fix his talons in Tommy's furry back. But experience had taught Tommy never to expose his back to the enemy. Consequently, this ruse failed.

Hovering around, with talons extended, the eagle next tried to grab him by the head. Back puckered, eyes aflame, this was how Tommy, sitting on his back legs, met the onslaught, snarling and scratching all the time.

Feathers flew and fur lay scattered on the bogey-truck. Still they battled, cat and bird, fighting the strangest duel, and in the strangest place too, that had ever been fought. And all this time the train had been whirring along at thirty miles an hour.

Each time the eagle swooped down, the cat sprung aside and struck out rapidly with his paws. Once Tommy was drawn perilously near the edge. For a moment it seemed as if he must be thrown on to the line, but with a quick twist he recovered himself and returned to the attack.

Meanwhile, the driver had been anxiously watching the fight, and had tried to frighten off the eagle by repeatedly blowing the steam-whistle. But the bird was now so full of fury and smarting wounds, that it was quite beyond being terrified.

At last he determined to go to the rescue of his pet. Seizing an iron bar, he started to walk along the footplate. But Tommy wanted no help, for just as his master was drawing near, the cat ripped a great hole in the eagle's throat, and the fight was ended.

Lifting Tommy in his arms, the driver carried him and the dead eagle back to the engine-cab. And although the cat received many wounds, he soon recovered, and in a few days was perched in front of the engine, as happy, but more proud, than ever.

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The Four Husbands.

This Romance was written by Miss Elizabeth Marriott, an old lady over ninety years of age. It was told to her many years ago by Colonel —— then head of the Constabulary of North Devon. Unfortunately Miss Marriott died a few months ago without having seen this, her favourite story, in print.

CHANCING to call at a cottage one day, Colonel —— entered the front room, which was occupied by a rather witless-looking man and his wife.

"This be my twenty-fifth wedding day," remarked the woman.

The Colonel looked surprised. The man was apparently little over forty.

"Lor bless 'e, I did not say 'is wedding day! I said 'twor mind. Sit down, sir, an' I'll tell you the story.

"Well, my first husband 'e wor named Tucker—'an 'e wor a farmer. Very good to me 'e was. But lor! 'e were mortal fond of a glass o' zider.

"And one Monday morning 'e cometh to me an' saith: 'Wife' says he, 'I'm going out afore breakfast, so du 'e give me a glass o' zider,' says he.

"So I give 'e a glass. Maybe, 'twor one —or two, I don't recollect which. But 'e took it an' went off. But lor, there! that there zider turned on 'is stomach. He wor took bad: took bad Monday—dead Thursday!

"So that wor the end o' my fust 'usband.

"Well—then I married —— Skinner! Yes, sure—'twor Skinner! Clever chap, an' us wor very comfortable together. But 'e wor quite giv'd over to machinery—got a threshing machine! And ye niver see such a sight in your life, 'twere all 'ooks an' wheels!

"But one day, poor Skinner! 'e went too nigh. An' the wheels they cotch'd him, an' —all of a minute they tored him up to a thousan' pieces.

"So that wur all as come o' that there threshing machine.

"Well, then," she proceeded, "then, I married Sadler. Poor dear Sadler—married he for *love*. Did really! He wor a dear man wor Sadler. But lor! 'e didn't bide long. He wor dreadful subject to fits. Them fits they'd take 'un all of a sudden an' he'd fall right on 'is face, an' ye'd think 'e wor dead. But lor! he worn't dead. He'd come to—in an hour or so, an' he'd be himself again.

"But wan day, dear Sadler, cometh to me, an' 'e says: 'Wife,' 'e says, 'you must give me a bit of dinner, I be a-going out,' 'e says.

"So I give 'e a bit of dinner, an' a butiful dinner 'twas, an' 'e eat it an' 'e went out.

"Poor dear Sadler. An' 'e hadn't been gone above half-an-hour afore Jane (that be our girl what helps me) cometh a-running an'

a-screeching, 'Missis! Missis! Maister's dead! Maister's dead!'

"An' I says to her, 'What do you mean? Is that a respectful way for a servant girl to speak on her maister?'

"'But missis,' her says, 'it be true!'

"An' so 'twas. 'Twur true. He wor as dead as mutton this time. Poor dear Sadler!

"So that wur the end o' my third 'usband.

"Well, then I married *he!*" (flinging a disdainful finger in the direction of her husband who had appeared immensely interested throughout the whole story). "Then I married *he!* A sodger! Got a pension. But lor! 'e be nothin'. He be a poor critter. Please Providence to take he—I know *very* well where to put me hand upon another."

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Dr. Peter's Legacy.

MISS MARY was dead.

Dr. Peter sat in his surgery, and thoughtfully drummed his fingers on the table. Well, it was a pity—a great pity. But, there was not another surgeon in all Gutherie that could have kept her alive for so long. Yes, it was quite seven years ago since Miss Mary had first sent for him. And she was not a "chicken" then.

Of course, he had cured her. There were no mixtures like his physics. And he felt absolutely convinced that, had Miss Mary only taken the last bottle of medicine he had sent, she would still have been able to sign her name to the comfortable cheque that came to him as regularly as an annuity.

At the thought Dr. Peter heaved a sigh.

But Miss Mary was rich—very rich. A happier thought crept into Dr. Peter's mind. Surely, after all these years of faithful services, she must have found a corner for him in her will. Even five thousand dollars would not be too much.

He turned over the pages of his prescription book. One, two, three—good gracious! ten more, and still another ten. All different prescriptions for Miss Mary. Could anyone forget such wonderful physicking?

Three days went by. Top hat, black coat, and gloves of gloomy shade, these inclosed Dr. Peter as he stood in Miss Mary's drawing-room beside a crowd of her relations, all waiting to——

At last, what they were waiting for arrived, in the pocket of Miss Mary's lawyer. The sight of the red-taped piece of parchment made Dr. Peter's heart pat a little the faster.

"To my cousin, to my niece," read out the lawyer, naming after each a goodly sum of money—"and to my dear physician, Dr. Peter, I bequeath a box and all its contents, without any division whatsoever, for his sole and entire benefit."

Dr. Peter quietly stole from the room.

There it was, standing in the hall, a huge travelling box, securely locked and sealed. And in big letters written on the top he read: "To my dear physician, Dr. Peter."

For some minutes Dr. Peter puckered his brow and tried to think what the box contained. He tilted one end. What a weight it was! Perhaps it held the whole of Miss Mary's silver ware, or was it her collection of rare china?

Hurrying to the front door, Dr. Peter called a cab, and, having seen his box carefully placed on the top, jumped inside, and was quickly driven home.

Not until his legacy was safely stowed inside his surgery did he feel happy. Then he looked for the key. It was not there. To return to the house and ask the lawyer for it would be too tedious for one so bubbling with curiosity as he was.

So Dr. Peter took off his coat, and, with a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other, spent the next quarter of an hour in trying to prise up the lid.

At last, with a bang, the top flew open.

Either the sight was too entrancing or it was the reverse, but, at any rate, Dr. Peter emitted a prolonged whistle. Then he wiped his forehead and rubbed his eyes. Could he really believe his eyesight? No, it was impossible! It must all be a horrible nightmare.

Instead of silver, or plate, or oil paintings, or rare china, Dr. Peter saw before him glass, nothing but glass. And glass bottles, too, full and untouched, with all the medicines that he had prescribed the last twenty years for Miss Mary.

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How Bridget Made a Fortune in Her Old Age.

SHE was a poor old Irishwoman. Her home, a tumble-down hovel, lay quite close to a large bog.

Bridget, for that was her name, sat on a three-cornered stool outside the little door. Her head was bent and the tears coursed quickly down between her withered fingers.

What was she to do? True, there was still half a sack left of potatoes, but after that—starvation.

Outside it was so bright. Not seventy yards away she could see a tall figure carrying a gun under his arm. Bridget looked at him half enviously. He was rich. There was no fear of the morrow with him, while she——

Rising hastily she went indoors.

Her dark eyes wandered around the bare little room. A few coloured prints, dirty and faded, and an oil painting, dark with age, hung on the white-washed walls.

For a time, at least, Bridget's troubles were suddenly put to flight in a somewhat startling fashion.

A sharp report rang out. The small window flew to pieces and a score of shot hissed past her head and embedded themselves in the old oil painting. Terrified by the noise the old Irishwoman rushed out and almost ran into the arms of the sportsman, whom she had seen only a few minutes before.

His face was very white as he eagerly inquired if she had been struck.

In quavering tones Bridget answered that she was not hurt. Then she led him inside the house and showed him the shattered window and the shot holes in the old oil painting.

Seeing how poor she was the sportsman offered to give her five pounds for the picture.

Five pounds! Bridget's eyes sparkled with joy as she took down the painting and received the money.

As she watched the tall figure slowly trudging along, carrying his gun under one arm and the heavy picture under the other, she little thought that he was considering whether he would take the picture with him or deposit it in the nearest ditch or bush.

Weeks went by. One day the postman brought Bridget a letter. It was postmarked London, and he would not give it to her until she had signed her name on a green slip of paper.

Who it came from Bridget had not the remotest idea. She tore open the envelope and three thin, crisp white pieces of paper fluttered to the ground. Picking them up, she handed the letter to the postman and asked him to read it.

The letter was from the sportsman. In it he told her that the painting had proved to be that of an old English master. Had it not been damaged by his gun it would have fetched a great deal more money. As it was, he had sold it for six hundred pounds, and out of that he inclosed her three Bank of England notes, each for one hundred pounds.

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A House-warming that Ended with a Chill for Most of the Guests.

By Edgar Franklin.

The gathering at the Hawkins' home that night was, I suppose, in the nature of a house-warming.

The Dodsons, the Ridgeways, the Olivers, the Gordons were there, in addition to perhaps a dozen and a half other people whom I had never met. Also, Mr. Blodgett was there.

Old Mr. Blodgett is Hawkins' father-in-law.

He seems to have analysed Hawkins and to have summed up his character and attainments to a nicety.

Consequently, Hawkins and Mr. Blodgett are not the best of friends.

Finally, I was there myself with my wife.

It seems almost superfluous to mention my presence. Whenever Hawkins is on the verge of a catastrophe with one of his contrivances, some *unseen* force seems to mix me up in it.

Dinner had been lively, but when we had assembled in the drawing-room, conversation seemed to slow down somewhat, and to pass over to a languid discussion of the house.

Then it was that a pert miss, a particular friend of Mrs. Hawkins, remarked:

"Yes, the frescoing is lovely—almost all of it. But—whoever could have designed that frieze, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Er—that frieze?" repeated the inventor a little uncomfortably, indicating an insane-looking strip of painting a foot or so wide which ran along beneath the ceiling.

"Yes, it's so funny. Nothing but dots, and dots and dots. Whoever could have conceived such an idea?"

"Well, I did, Miss Moore," Hawkins replied. "I designed that myself."

"Oh, did you," murmured the inquisitive one, going red.

Hawkins turned to me and the girl subsided, but old Mr. Blodgett had overheard. With his usual tactful thought he took up the subject.

"It's hideous, simply hideous. I don't see—I can't see the sense in spending so much money in plastering painted roses all over the ceiling, Herbert."

"No," said Hawkins between his teeth.

"Yes, sir," persisted Blodgett. "Everything else out of the question, the house might catch fire to-night."

"Stuff," said Hawkins, goaded into speech. "Don't you worry yourself on that score, papa dear!"

"What's that? What's that?"

"This house isn't going to finish up in smoke," went on the inventor tartly. "You can take my word for it."

"Isn't it, eh?" jeered the elderly Blodgett.

"Is he teasing you again, papa?" broke in Mrs. Hawkins, foreseeing ructions.

"Teasing that antiquity!" Hawkins growled in my ear. "I say, isn't that enough to——"

"Don't whisper, Herbert, it isn't polite," continued Mrs. Hawkins, the playfulness of her manner somewhat belied by the meaning look in her eyes. "Let us all into the secret."

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"Oh, there's no secret," said the inventor shortly.

"No dance, either," pouted Miss Moore.

It was the signal for the light fantastic business to begin. Hawkins notoriously hates dancing. He took my arm and guided me stealthily from the drawing-room.

"Phew!" remarked the inventor when we had settled ourselves upstairs with a couple of cigars. "I say, Griggs, do you still wonder at crime?"

"What do you mean?"

"My dear papa-in-law, of course," snapped Hawkins.

"But I'll get even with that spiteful tongue of his some day—and when I do!"

"Stop, Hawkins!" I laughed.

"Oh!" cried the inventor angrily. "I suppose you think it's all right for him to talk as he does? Criticise my decorations, tell me they'll all burn up some day, and all that?"

"Well, but they might."

"They might not!" shouted Hawkins in a fury. "You couldn't burn up this house if you soaked every carpet in it with oil!"

"Why not?"

"Ah! Why not? That's just the point. Why not, to be sure? Because I have prepared it against fire."

"Private wire to the fire-station?" I queried.

"Private wire to Glasgow! There's no private wire about it. See here, Griggs, do you suppose that poor little brain of yours could comprehend a truly great idea?"

"It could try," I said meekly.

"Then listen. You remember those dots on the frieze all through the house? You do? All right. Just close your eyes and think of a little metal tube running back into the wall. Imagine the little tube opening into a large supply pipe in the wall.

"Is that clear? Then conceive that the supply pipe in each room connects with a big supply pipe in the rear of the house, and that the big pipe terminates—or rather begins—in a big tank on the top floor!"

"But what on earth is it all?"

"It's the 'Hawkins Chemico-Sprinkler System'!" announced the inventor.

"For heavens sake!" I gasped.

"Yes! Every one of those dots is simply a little hole in the wall through which, in case of fire, gallons of my chemical fire-extinguisher will spurt out! How's that?"

"Er—is the tank full?" I asked, gliding hurriedly away from the wall.

"Of course it is. Come up with me and see the business end of the thing—the tank and all that."

"The stuff isn't inflammable, is it? We're smoking, you know!"

"An inflammable fire-extinguishing liquid!" cried Hawkins. "Why, can't you understand that—bah!"

He led the way upstairs, until we stood in a bare room whose emptiness was accentuated by the cold, electric light. At one end of it was placed a big tank. This was a wooden affair, lined with lead.

Raised some two feet over the top, the heavy cover was suspended by a weird system of pulleys and electric wires. On the under side of the cover was fastened a big glass sphere filled with white stuff.

It was a remarkable contrivance.

"There—that's simple, isn't it?" said Hawkins, with a happy smile.

"It may be if you understand it."

"Why, just look here. See that big glass ball? That's full of marble dust—carbonate of lime, you know. The tank is filled with weak sulphuric acid. When the ball drops into the acid, what happens?"

"You have a nasty job fishing it out again?"

"Not at all. It breaks into atoms, the marble dust combines with the sulphuric acid, and forms a neutral liquid, bubbling with carbonic acid. Even you, Griggs, must know that carbonic acid gas will put out any fire, without damaging anything. There you are."

"I see. You smell fire, rush up here and knock that ball into the tank, and the house is flooded through the dots in your frieze. Remarkable!"

"Oh, I don't even have to come up here," smiled Hawkins. "See that?"

He pointed to a thin strand of platinum wire in a niche in the wall.

"That's a test fuse, so that I can see that she's all in working order," pursued the inventor, leaning his cigar against it. "There's half a dozen of them in every room in the house. As soon as the heat touches them, they melt, and set off my electric release, and down drops the cover of the tank, ball and all; the ball breaks, the valve at the bottom opens automatically, and down goes the tank, full of extinguisher."

"Well, I must say it looks practical."

"It is!" asserted Hawkins. "Some night—if the night ever comes—when you see a roaring blaze in one of these rooms subdued in ten seconds by the gentle drizzle that comes out of that frieze, you will——"

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"Mr. Hawkins, sir," interrupted Hawkins' butler at the door; "Mrs. Hawkins, sir, she says as how your presence is desired downstairs."

"Oh, all right," said the inventor wearily. "I'll be down directly."

The dance was in full swing when we descended.

Mrs. Hawkins came over to us and remarked in low tones to her husband:

"Now, just try to make yourself agreeable, Herbert. It's not nice for you to steal away and smoke."

"I'm not smoking."

"Mr. Griggs is."

"So I am," I said, suddenly realising the fact. "William, will you dispose of this, please?"

"Now go right in, both of you," Mrs. Hawkins began. Then she was called away.

"Griggs!" muttered Hawkins, thoughtfully tapping his forehead, "what—what the deuce did I do with my cigar?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"But I had it upstairs. We were both smoking."

"So you did," I said. "The last I saw of it, you leaned it against that fuse thing——"

"Great Scott! Did I?" gasped the inventor, turning white.

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, suppose the confounded thing has burned down to the fuse!" cried Hawkins hoarsely. "Suppose it melts the wire and sends down the cover of the tank!"

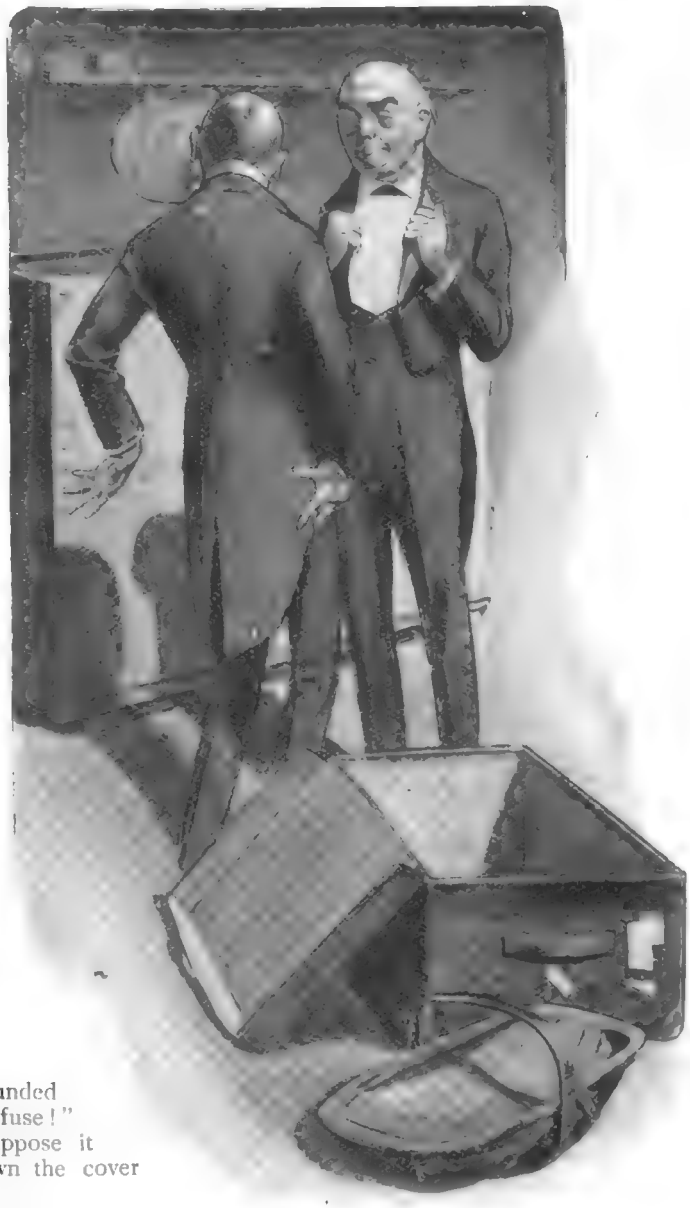
"Will it start the stuff running?"

"Start it! Of course it'll start it. I'm going up there now, Griggs!"

Hawkins tore up the stairs. I smiled after him, for he seemed rather excited.

I turned back to the dancers. It was a pretty scene. As they glided over the waxed floor to the music of a particularly seductive waltz, I could not help admiring the gay colours of the ladies' dresses, the flowers, and the sparkling diamonds.

And then—then I noticed the frieze!



We stood in a bare room . . . At one end of it was placed a big tank. This was a wooden affair, lined with lead.

My eyes seemed instinctively to travel to that stretch of ugliness—they fastened upon the dots with a kind of fascination. And none too soon.

From one of the dots spurted forth what looked like a tiny stream of water of almost spray-like fineness. Another followed and

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another and yet another. The whole of the dots were spraying liquid upon the dancers from all sides of the room!

The drizzle came from north, east, south, and west. It came from the hallway behind me—a thousand holes in the frieze were spurting out a steam-like spray that cast an increasing dampness over all.

The panic can hardly be fancied. Men and women shrieked together in the utter amazement of the thing. They laughed aloud, some of them. Others cried out in terror.

They leaped and sprang backwards and forwards to this side and that, in the vain endeavour to escape from the gentle shower bath. Some slipped and almost fell, carrying down others with them.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the "rain" ceased.

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Blodgett, "what in the world has happened?"

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" said Hawkins' voice behind me.

He had returned from his trip to the top floor.

"It's all right," he called with cheery indifference to the contrary sentiments of two dozen people. "There's no danger. It won't hurt you."

"But it does. It smarts awfully!" cried Miss Moore. "What is it? Where did it come from?"

"It's only my sprinkler—my fire extinguisher," Hawkins explained. "It went off by accident, you see. There's nothing in it to hurt you. It's perfectly neutral. It can't smart—that's imagination."

"But it does!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "It stings like acid. It actually seems to be eating my skin!"

"Smart, I should say it did!" growled Mr. Blodgett. "It's eating my hands off—I believe it's carbolic acid. I do—I'll swear I do. No smell—but it's been deodorised. That's it—carbolic acid!"

"Carbolic fiddlesticks!" said Hawkins.

Then a puzzled expression came into his eyes. He raised one of his wet hands and tasted it—and spat violently.

"Wait a minute!" he cried and promptly darted out of the room.

Silence ensued for a few seconds, save for an exclamation here and there, as one or another of the guests discovered that his or her neck or ear or arm was stinging.

Then the servants rushed up from below. They, too, were damp and frightened! They, too, had discovered that the liquid emitted by the "Hawkins Chemico-Sprinkler System" burned like fire.

"Phwat is it? Phwat is it?" the cook was shrieking at the top of her voice, when hurrying footsteps turned my attention once more to the stairs.

Hawkins was coming down at a gallop; in his arms he carried a keg, which scattered white powder over the beautiful carpet.

"Griggs!" he shouted to me. "That ball didn't bust!"

"It didn't?" I cried.

"No, there's no marble dust in the stuff," said the inventor, landing on the floor with a final jump and tearing into the drawing-room. "It's diluted sulphuric acid."

"Acid!" shrieked a dozen ladies.

"Yes," groaned Hawkins, depositing his keg on the floor; "but I can cure you. William, bring up a wash-tub full of water. Mary, go get all the wash-towels in the house. Quick!"

The homely household articles arrived within a minute or two.

"Now," continued Hawkins, tipping half the keg into the tub. "That's washing-soda; it'll neutralise the acid. Here, everybody. Dip a towel in and wash off the acid. Quick, hurry up! Get at the acid before it gets at you. Don't you—can't you understand? It'll burn into your skin in a little while."

There was no hesitation after that. Men and women alike rushed frantically for the tub, dipped cloths in the liquid, and bathed industriously hands and arms and cheeks that were already sore and burning.

Picture the scene: a dozen women in evening dress, a dozen men in "swallow-tails," clustering around a wash-tub there in Hawkins' drawing-room, working for dear life.

It was a ludicrous sight, and just the sort of thing that could happen under Hawkins' roof and nowhere else—barring, perhaps, a lunatic asylum.

Later, the excitement subsided. The ladies, with dishevelled hair, carrying costumes whose glory had departed for ever, retired to the chambers above for such further repairs as might be possible. The men, too, under William's guidance, went to draw upon Hawkins' wardrobe for clothes in which to return home.

The inventor, Mr. Blodgett, and myself were left together in the drawing-room.

That amiable old gentleman's coat—he is bitterly averse to undue expenditure for clothes—had turned to a pale, age-worn green.

"Well, it's a good thing that was

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diluted acid instead of strong, isn't it, Griggs?" remarked Hawkins. "Originally I had intended using the strong acid, you know, for the reason——"

"Aaaah!" cried Mr. Blodgett. "So that was another of your imbecile inventions, was it? Fire-extinguisher! Bah! I thought nobody but you could have conceived an idea like that! What under the sun did you let off your infernal contrivance for?"

"Oh, I just did it to spite you, papa," said Hawkins, with weary sarcasm.

"By George, sir, I believe you did!" snapped the old gentleman. "It's like you! Look at my coat, sir! Look at——"

I was edging away when Mrs. Hawkins entered. She was clad in sombre black now, and her cheeks flamed scarlet with mortification.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

Hawkins was coming down at a gallop; in his arms he carried a keg, which scattered white powder over the beautiful carpet.

"Well, my dear!" said Hawkins, bracing himself up for the coming onslaught.

"A pretty mess you've made of our new house, haven't you? You and your idiotic fire-extinguisher!"

"Madam, my 'Chemico-Sprinkler System' is one——"

"And not only the evening spoiled, and half our friends so enraged with you that they'll never enter the house again——"

"Glad of it!" interposed Blodgett, with a fiendish chuckle. "Serves him jolly well right! If you'd listened to me fifteen years ago, Edith, when I told you not to marry that consummate fool——"

"Griggs! W-w-w-where are you going?" Hawkins called weakly.

"Home!" I said decidedly, making for the hall. "I think my wife's ready. And I'm afraid my hair's loosening up, too, where your beautiful extinguisher douched it with acid. Good-night!"

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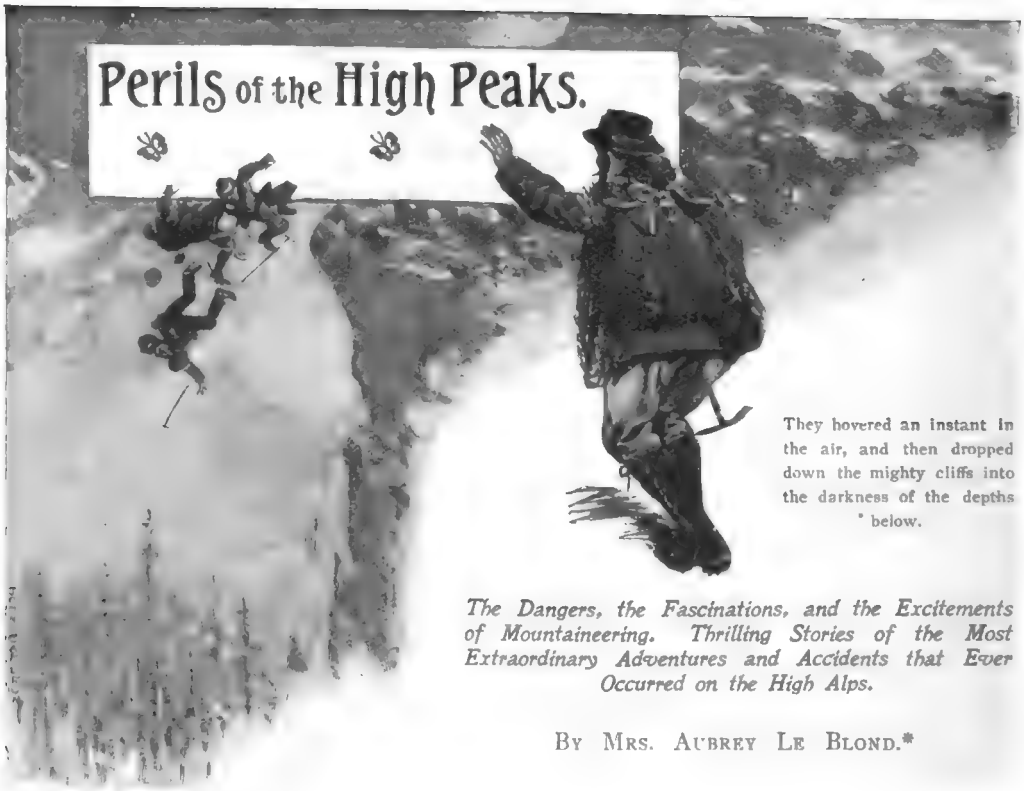
Perils of the High Peaks.



They hovered an instant in the air, and then dropped down the mighty cliffs into the darkness of the depths below.

The Dangers, the Fascinations, and the Excitements of Mountaineering. Thrilling Stories of the Most Extraordinary Adventures and Accidents that Ever Occurred on the High Alps.

By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.*

Perhaps just because mountaineering is one of the most perilous of sports, it is one of the most popular.

It is a curious kink in human nature which insists that sport, to be good sport, must be spiced with danger. Mountaineering, big game shooting, pig-sticking, polo, motor-racing—what would they be if it were not for their perils? In the peril of a sport lies its excitement.

The terrible lists of mountaineering casualties that are published in the papers in the summer prove two things: Firstly, that climbing *is* dangerous; secondly, that in the case of the majority of accidents competent mountaineers would have foreseen the dangers, and avoided the casualties. For by far the larger number of climbing accidents are due to wilful disregard of common precautions, or to bad guiding.

The length of the Alpine obituary would be increased a hundredfold if half the people who go out of their way to court death on the mountains paid the penalty of their folly. In no other sport do ignorant people so often rush in where angels might fear to tread.

Mountaineering is always dangerous. It calls for exceptional qualities—strong bodies, iron nerves, a power to act on the instant, never-failing presence of mind. Only years of learning can give the knowlege that makes a competent mountaineer. The dangers will still exist; but for the man or woman who *knows*, they are robbed of half their power. But accidents will happen. Man cannot withstay a falling rock, nor wave away a lightning flash.

It was a falling rock that brought about one of the most thrilling accidents that ever happened on the Alps—Mr. Sloggett's fall on the Matterhorn. This young Englishman was returning, after a successful ascent, roped to two guides, where the way leads across a *couloir*, or gully made by falling stones and

* The writer has earned for herself the title of Champion Lady Mountaineer, and is far famous as one of the most daring climbers of the day. She is the author of many books on mountain adventure. There is scarcely a mountain or a peak on the whole Alpine range that she has not conquered, while she has also made many daring first ascents within the Arctic Circle. No one is better qualified than Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond to write on the perils of the sport of climbing.

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ice. Just as the leading guide was beginning to cross, a stone hurtled from the heights above, struck him full on the head and instantly killed him.

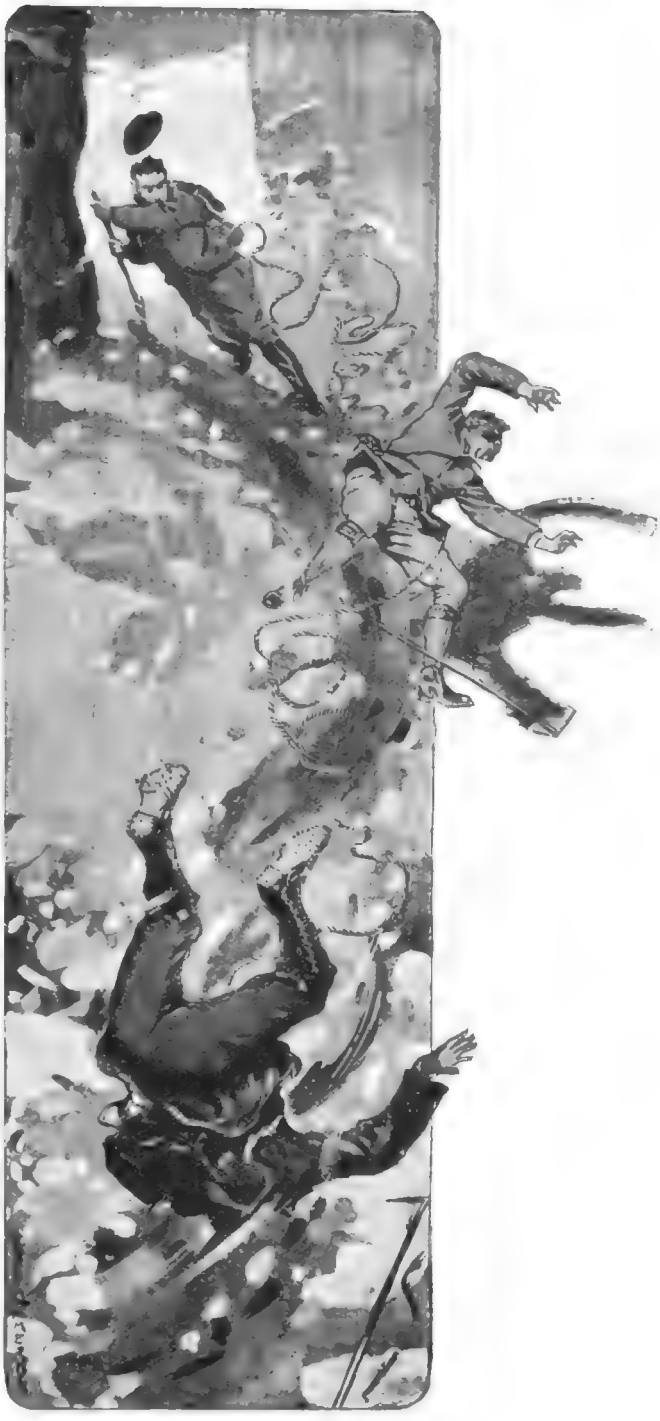
The two other men were swept off their feet by the force of the shock, and carried away at frightful speed down the *couloir*. Down they rushed, the two living men with the dead man before them, towards a crack in the ice 800 feet below, across and beyond which gaped an awful precipice.

Bruised, bleeding, every bone shaking, the living guide, Gentinetta, as his body rushed down the ice-slide, never lost consciousness; and throughout that frightful fall he kept his mind fixed on the crack or crevasse that alone could save them from slithering into the jaws of the precipice. In a few seconds, the two still living men and their dead companion crashed head-long into this crevasse—and the stones and the sand heaped within, stayed their mad career on the precipice's very brink.

Instantly, Gentinetta seized his living but helpless employer, who had fallen like a dead weight, into such a position that he would have been suffocated in a few moments, and cleared the sand out of his throat and eyes. His jaw was broken, and his body covered with bruises, but otherwise, like the guide, he was unhurt.

There was not a second to lose in making an escape. The two wounded men in the crevasse knew that at any moment they might be stoned to death—for it was the hottest hour of the day, the snow was thawing, and soon the missiles that it held fast frozen to the mountain above would be bounding and crashing down the *couloir*.

And so the guide and the Englishman, without axes, bruised and shattered, started on their desperate task of climbing back up the glassy wall of ice—a task hard enough for a fresh, fully equipped party. At any moment the stones might begin raining down upon them. But with heroic efforts they pushed their way upwards, and with extraordinary



Down they rushed, the two living men with the dead man before them, towards a crack in the ice 800 feet below.

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pluck and skill at length reached their old tracks, and a place of safety.

It was many weeks before either recovered. The dead guide's body, with great difficulty, was brought down from the crevasse the next day.

Seldom, however, are crevasses instrumental in saving life. More often, they are veritable death-traps. A sad instance happened on Mont Blanc in the August of 1902.

Two French gentlemen and their two guides had lost their way on the mountain in the night of a terrible storm. It was the very coldest spot on Mont Blanc, and though they wandered up and down in the snow to try to resist the cold, the Frenchmen succumbed at last, and died from exposure. When dawn broke, the guides started down the mountain.

Haggard and half-frozen, their clothes torn, with blood and ice on their faces, they must have appeared like some ghastly apparitions to the eyes of an upward climbing party who encountered them at about seven in the morning. They were given food and brandy, and then told the story of their night on the mountain, and how their employers were lying frozen dead on the heights above. The news was so startling that the guides and the climber who heard it lost their heads for the moment, and, instead of conducting the two wretched men off the mountain, as would have been the proper course to pursue, hastened on to look for the missing bodies, in case there might be any chance of finding life within them.

The two guides of the dead Frenchmen continued on their way towards Chamounix.

About an hour later, someone in the valley below, looking through a telescope, saw a man on the mountain fall into a crevasse.

It was one of the two guides, but both had fallen. A party at once set out to the rescue, but when it arrived on the scene it was found that one guide had been killed outright. The other was rescued after a marvellous escape.

In the meanwhile the bodies of the dead Frenchmen had been discovered by the first party who had met the guides, lying about two hundred yards off the proper route. So Mont Blanc that night claimed three fresh victims.

At least five times Mont Blanc's victims have never been found after the mountain had claimed them; but more than once, bodies have been discovered at the lower end of glaciers, long years after tragic deaths had befallen them.

In the year 1866 two parties left the tiny inn at the Grands Mulets, on the ascent of Mont Blanc, one, Captain Henry Arkwright's, the other Couttet, the landlord of the inn, and an hotel *employé*. It was in October, and as the days are short, the parties decided to take a route known as the "Ancien passage," entailing a steep climb up a snow slope leading beneath cliffs of ice, which occasionally split, and send huge blocks hurtling across the track. This route was two hours quicker than the ordinary route, but was usually avoided because of the danger of the avalanches, which had already caused one terrible accident.

Just when the climbers had reached the very spot where an accident had happened years before, an avalanche of ice crashed down on the two caravans.

In the blinding, rushing hurricane of ice and snow, Captain Arkwright, his guide and his two porters were swept away. Couttet, driving his axe into the underlying snow, held his place against the roaring avalanche but it was not until ten minutes had passed that the air cleared enough for him to see his companion, leaning on his alpenstock six feet away, the rope unbroken between them. The other party was nowhere in sight, but far away on the plateau below a great mass of ice and snow spread out in every direction.

For more than two hours they searched the mass of *débris*, to find only the dead body of one of the porters—and then, exhausted and broken-hearted, they set out for the Grands Mulets. Here they found Captain Arkwright's sister who had ascended thus far with him the day before, and was waiting for his return. It became Couttet's sad duty to break the news to her.

He went in, and found her—a girl of twenty—sitting sketching at the window. Seeing her so happy, so unconscious of trouble, he was unable to utter a word. She turned round to welcome him.

But he could not speak. He could only spread out his hands.

"My brother!" she exclaimed.

"Have courage, Mademoiselle," was all he could say.

With her face as white as snow, the poor girl went to the window, knelt down in prayer, her eyes on the mountain. Then she came back to Couttet and said: "You may tell me all now."

With this touching incident of the courage and self-control of an Englishwoman ends the first part of the tragic story. For ten days parties searched for the bodies of the missing victims, but Captain Arkwright's was nowhere

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to be found, and bad weather put an end to the attempts.

Thirty-one years passed. Then Captain Arkwright's family received a telegram informing them that his body had been recovered in the lower portion of the Glacier des Bossons!

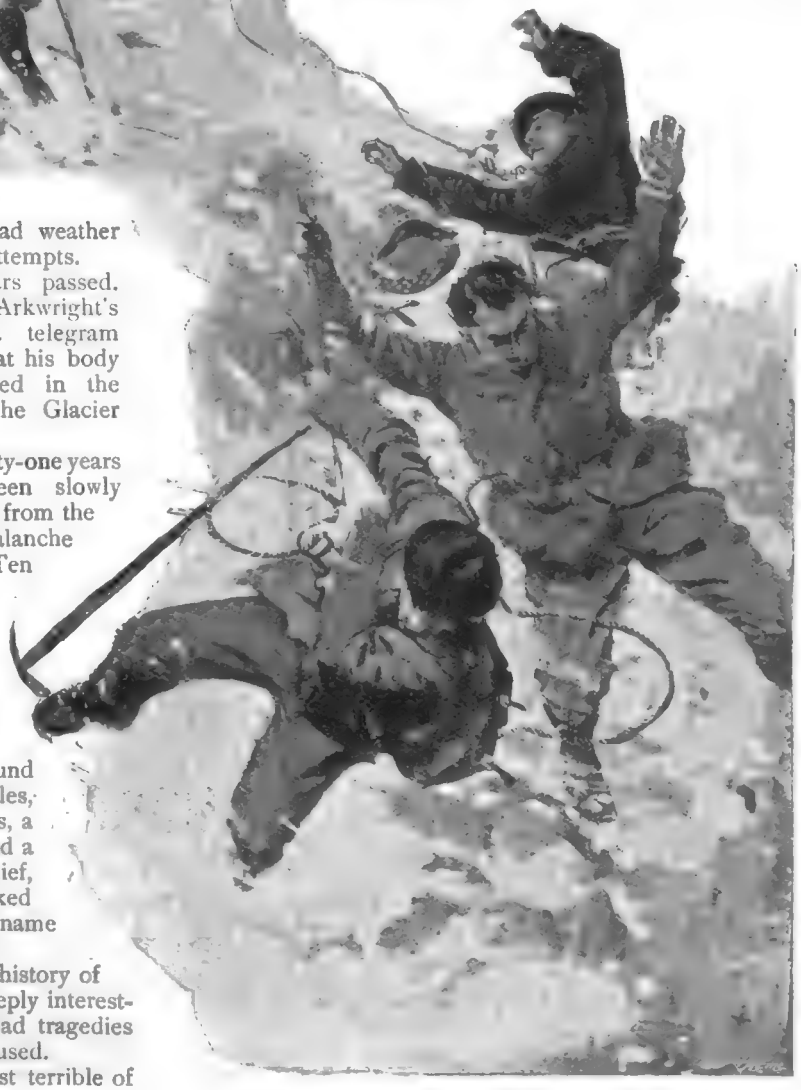
During those thirty-one years the body had been slowly travelling in the ice from the spot where the avalanche overwhelmed it. Ten thousand feet had it journeyed, in its shroud of ice and snow, until at last it came to light at the foot of the glacier. And with the body were found various small articles, such as studs, coins, a gold pencil-case, and a pocket-handkerchief, still clearly marked with the soldier's name and regiment.

And so ends the history of one of the most deeply interesting of the many sad tragedies Mont Blanc has caused.

Some of the most terrible of Alpine accidents have been due to the breaking of a cornice of snow on a mountain ridge. An overhanging eave of snow often forms on the sheltered sides of ridges, and to anyone who unwarily steps upon it disaster is certain.

An overhanging eave or cornice gave rise to an exciting incident several years ago. It happened on Piz Palü, a glacier-clad peak in the Engadine. There was a thick fog when a party—a gentleman, his sister-in-law, and two guides—Hans and Christian Grass—all securely roped, found themselves near the summit of this peak.

All except Hans, who was behind, ventured unknowingly on the cornice, which gave way



Instantly, on hearing the crack, the guide . . . by plunging his axe into the snow, was able to bear the shock of the others' fall.

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beneath them, precipitating them down the steep ice slope.

They would have been dashed down the face of the ice-wall, there falling sheer away for two thousand feet, had it not been for the marvellous agility of Hans Grass, who made a great spring to the opposite side of the snow ridge, just as his companions went down, and for a few moments managed to support their weight as they struggled hopelessly to gain a foothold on the ice-wall.

Would the rope hold? Soon the ice-ridge might cut it through. In a few moments the three dangling over the precipice might fall, unless they could gain a foothold. Christian Grass, who had occupied the leading place, had lost his ice axe. Fortunately, however, the gentleman who had been tied in the third place, behind his sister-in-law, still held his axe, but he was in such a position that he could not use it..

There was only one thing to do—he must drop his axe, send it sliding down the ice-wall, and trust that Christian Grass would make a sure catch. A miss meant destruction —a catch, salvation.

A shout from above warned the old guide below to be on the look out, and as he lay against the icy surface, on the alert to seize the axe, down it flashed towards him. And he caught it — or all three might have followed it on its mad career to the glacier below!

In a few moments he had hacked out a big step in which he could gain a foothold, and then he cut his way upwards until he and his brother were able to bring both their companions to the crest of the ridge.

A similar accident once happened on the Ober Gabelhorn, when a huge mass of cornice fell beneath a party, carrying with it the leading guide and the two climbers. Instantly, on hearing the crack, the guide roped behind leaped a yard backwards, and by plunging his axe into the snow, was able to bear the shock of the others' fall—they had dropped over a fearful precipice—and in time to haul them back.

The mass of the cornice that fell measured 120ft. in length, and 40ft. in breadth. The guide who had fallen dislocated his shoulder, and the long eight hours return journey to Zermatt was only made by him with stops every few minutes, from pain and exhaustion.

Possibly, many of the accidents that have never been accounted for have been due to sudden illness. A brilliant mountaineer, the late Mr. Norman Neruda, undoubtedly perished from this cause; and by a cruel irony of fate, on the very mountain with which he was most familiar, and through a neglect of one of the golden rules of climbing upon which he always insisted—that of never undertaking a difficult ascent when out of health.

In the September of 1898 he was climbing, with his wife and a friend, one of the most difficult peaks of the Dolomites, on the summit of which he had stood no fewer than six times before, when he complained of pains in his head—but nothing would persuade him to turn his steps. Just when he had surmounted the most trying part of the whole climb, he cried out to those below him: "Now we've got it: the worst bit is passed." A moment later, in an easy place, he suddenly cried, "I am falling!"

He fell backwards, dropping nearly a hundred feet. One of the party, who had been standing roped beneath him, managed somehow to wind the slack of the rope round his arm before the shock came, and though his fingers were cut to the bone as a coil ran out under the sudden tension, yet the rope held.

It was a terrible position in which Mrs. Neruda and their friend now found themselves. The fallen man was out of sight, hanging by a rope that might break at any moment, while they were so cramped on a small platform that they could hardly move. When Mr. Neruda was reached, he was found hanging over an abyss, unconscious with only one arm in the rope-sling.

With incredible difficulty he was carried to a sort of sloping platform. It was now 2 p.m. There was no food or drink with which to revive the stricken man. For three long hours his companions shouted for help before their cries were heard, and it was seven o'clock the next morning before assistance arrived. All night, the unconscious man had raved in German about trivial details of the climb.

When at last he had been borne down the terrible mountain side, just when the party had succeeded in reaching easy ground, the sufferer passed peacefully away.

Many terrible adventures have befallen climbers on the Matterhorn. Three Swiss climbers underwent an extraordinary experience on this mountain in the August of 1903. A skilled guide had refused to take the responsibility of conducting the three men; but, nothing daunted, they set out by themselves.

They reached the summit successfully from the Italian side, but a heavy snowstorm

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delayed them on the way down, and they were forced to pass the night on a narrow ridge of rock and snow, on one of the most exposed spots on the whole mountain.

The next day they could make little progress on account of the snow, and again were forced to sleep out. Two nights thus passed at a great height, without shelter, and in bad weather, would be enough to account for most men, but when the intrepid Swiss climbers were found by a rescue party, only one was any the worse for the adventure, and he soon recovered. But all three were lucky to have escaped a terrible death.

No one can blame a first-class guide for refusing to take an inexperienced traveller up a difficult peak; but it is a different story when a guide forces a man to overtax his strength on a climb that he has no wish to make, as happened a few years ago, to the indignation of Zermatt!

An Englishman—one of the few beginners who knew the limits of his own powers—engaged a strong but imprudent guide to take him up the Wellenkuppe. With another guide, the party set out, slept the night at the Trift Inn, and in the morning began a long and difficult climb. When about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, the Englishman descried a high peak to the north, and inquired its name.

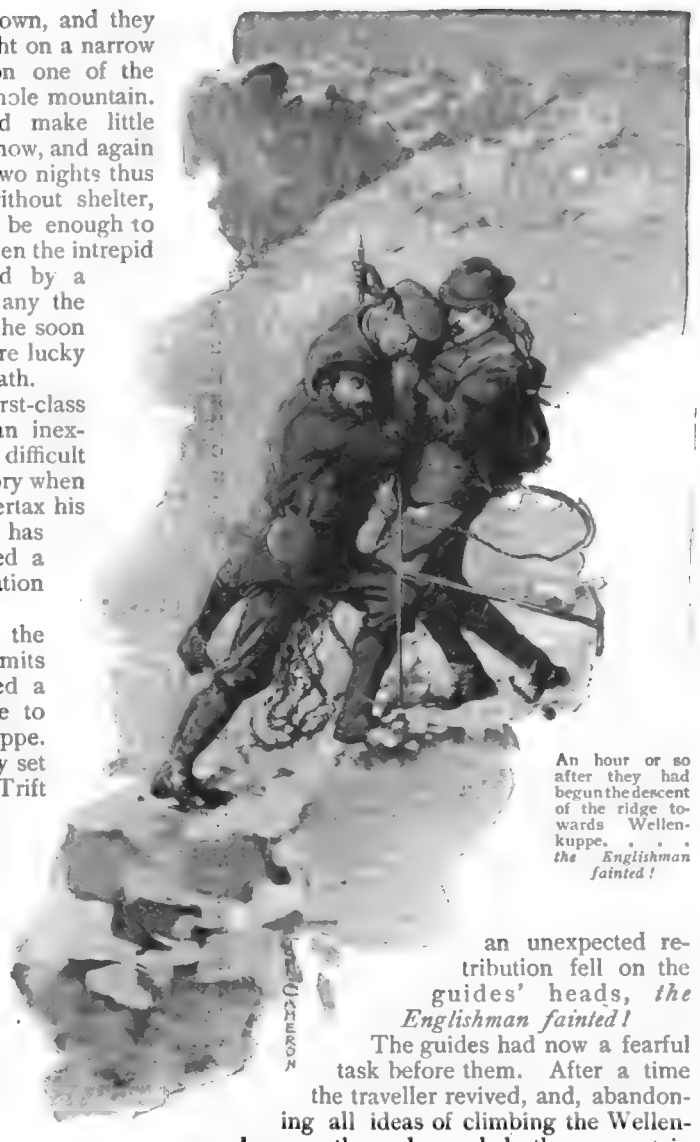
The guides looked at each other, and replied: "*That* is the Wellenkuppe. We are going first up the Ober Gabelhorn, and thence we shall cross the ridge to the Wellenkuppe, and so do both peaks in the same day!"

Now, this, of course, was more than the climber had bargained for, and he soon found it a case, not only of treachery, but of mutiny. To his indignant remonstrances the guides refused to listen.

"You must come on now we have started. We shall not turn back!"

Much against the Englishman's will, the party climbed on to the top of the mountain.

An hour or so after they had begun the descent of the ridge towards the Wellenkuppe, an unexpected retribution fell on the guides' heads, *the Englishman fainted!*



An hour or so after they had begun the descent of the ridge towards Wellenkuppe. . . . *the Englishman fainted!*

The guides had now a fearful task before them. After a time the traveller revived, and, abandoning all ideas of climbing the Wellenkuppe, they descended the mountain at the terribly slow pace the very difficult route they had chosen involved. At length they left the ridge, and struck down the face of the mountain, with endless toil that they had justly brought upon themselves, and in continual danger from the falling stones that rained down the slopes upon them.

At last they reached a place of safety but as provisions had run out, the Englishman was almost too weak and worn out to walk. It was 11 p.m. before the party managed to reach Zermatt. Little pity the guides deserved for their tribulations.

But Swiss guides do not often play tricks

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on their patrons. Nor do they often lose their heads in an emergency, as happened once in a notable case where a party were saved by a dog who took the guide's place.

The dog was a famous mountaineer, named Tschingel, and had accompanied a party up the Diablerets. Coming down, the guide mistook his way, and the party found themselves wandering over a steep and dangerous glacier, with a guide who wrung his hands in helpless terror.

But soon it was noticed that the dog seemed quite at home—and the guide exclaimed, picking up his courage: "The dog seems to know the way, let us follow him."

Off trotted Tschingel, delighted to be put in charge, leading his friends, without a single hesitation, safely through the maze of crevasses to the foot of the glacier. It was afterwards found that he had discovered the very best route by which the descent could be made.

And now a word of advice to young climbers before I relate a few of my own personal adventures.

The beginner who would set about mountaineering in the best and safest way has not a very easy task before him. His first step should be to secure a good guide. If he has a chance of going with a really first-class man—they number, perhaps, twenty in the world—let him seize it, even for one day, and learn all he can. But a *good* guide is the most a novice may hope to secure, and he is lucky if he gets one for his first expeditions.

A good guide differs only from one of the first class inasmuch as the latter's work is more finished; he is more far-seeing, and if caught in bad weather in a really tight place he is able to make the very best of an extremely serious position. In other words, he has something more in hand all round. Now and again, a first-class guide may find himself free for a day or two. That is the beginner's chance; let him instantly seize it.

A stranger arriving in an Alpine centre for the first time, does not know how to set about the choice of a guide. As to what not to do, let him avoid guides who tout, and very old or very young guides. Let him ask the advice of experienced climbers — even if totally unknown to him they will gladly give it. Let him examine the guides' books, bearing in mind that the diversity of the districts visited, the status of the climbers employing them, the frequency with which a good mountaineer takes the same guide, are all favourable points.

Having secured his guide, the young climber should set himself to learn all that his man can teach, remembering that though very few amateurs become as good as a first class guide, yet the more a man fits himself for climbing ultimately without guides, the safer he will be on the mountains.

I have been very fortunate during my mountaineering career in the guides who have led me. The Imboden, father and son, Edouard Cupelin of Chamounix, Ambrose Supersaxo, Alexander Burgener, have all been with me at different times, while I enjoyed the friendship of those two famous pioneers of the Alps, Christian Almer and Melchior Anderegg. My adventures have consequently been few, for a first-class guide ensures as far as possible that everything shall go safely and smoothly on the mountains.

The most serious *contretemps* that ever happened to me took place on the Hohberghorn, a peak in the Zermatt district. Joseph Imboden was, as usual, my leading guide; but we had with us as second, a guide who was not in the habit of climbing with Imboden, though I had frequently employed him before, and it was due to my initiative that he accompanied us. Much fresh snow had recently fallen, and we had selected the Hohberghorn as a peak we could safely ascend under those conditions.

The weather was cloudless and very hot, and the work had been tedious owing to the depth of the snow through which we had ploughed our way. We had arrived on the final ridge of the mountain when Imboden, who was leading, turned round and said to the second guide, who was last on the rope; "Look out here, at any moment we may expect an avalanche."

Now, this did not mean that we were necessarily in any danger. It was simply an indication to the other man, who was very powerful and of much experience, that he was to watch events, and if the snow slipped, to step down to his right off the ridge and hold us if the avalanche dislodged us. Nothing would have been easier, and we continued for a few steps in the comfortable assurance that we were running no risk.

Then, for a dozen yards or so Imboden had to cross a little below the ridge to avoid a small cornice of snow which overhung on the other side. I was behind him, about 30ft. off, and on the very crest of the ridge, 30ft. further back, stood the second guide. Before the tightening of the rope need oblige him to move, Imboden could have been across the slope and on the top of the ridge once more.

As we steadily worked our way over the steep, soft face a cutting noise broke on

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our ears. We instinctively tried to drive the point of our axes into the under layer of old snow, and waited for the support of the rope from our second guide.

But we waited in vain! In a second or two the entire surface began to move, and we with it. Turning inwards, we once more plunged our axes into the snow, and managed to anchor ourselves to the under surface. But in those few seconds we had been shaken together into an entangled mass. The loosened rope was twisted round our ankles, our arms—everywhere. We hardly realised our safety for a minute or two, but continued to cling to the swept surface of the slope without uttering a word. Then a "boom" from far below announced the journey downwards of the great avalanche. Had we remained in its company ten seconds longer nothing could by the remotest possibility have saved us.

Imboden uttered not a word of reproach as the second guide silently gathered up the coils of rope, but I know that he looks back to that escape as by far the nearest either of us ever had.

Mountaineering is not, however, made up entirely of perils and tragedies. I have assisted at more than one climbing comedy, none perhaps more amusing than when, crossing a high glacier pass with an old friend, a Senior Wrangler, who was then endeavouring to learn the principles of Alpinism by means of handbooks.

We were descending a steep, rocky wall when the tightening of the rope behind me caused me to pause and ask for "more rope, please." My friend pulled only the tighter, planted his feet against a ledge, cleared his throat and began:

"Now in a position of this sort, Badminton, page—line—says——"

"Give the lady more rope, sir!" called Imboden from above.

"But if Badminton says——why would it not be right——"

"*Will* you let out the rope, sir!" shouted the exasperated guide, and very reluctantly, the question still unsolved, my friend did so.

"Give the lady more rope, sir!" called Imboden from above.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

I puzzle and I mystify,
I turn about and twistify,
I simply heaps of fun supply,
For I am Mr. X!

If you can read my pages o'er,
Without at least ten laughs or more,
You must be what the Scotch call dour,
Or I'm not Mr. X!

Puzzle Penknives and Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

MR. X'S MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 2.

[Closing date August 20th. Answers must be addressed to "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 2."]

"Mr. X" would like to amuse himself and his readers with a selection of what are called "Spoonerisms," that is, sentences in which the speaker mixes up two words with laughable effect by interchanging their first letters or syllables. For instance, the agitated old lady who, meaning to ask the verger to show her into a seat at church, said: "Please sew me into a sheet." Or the gentleman travelling with two rugs and a bag who told the porter he had only "two rags and a bug." "Mr. X" offers a prize of 5s. to the reader who sends him, what is, in "Mr. X's" opinion, the best blunder of this kind: it may be either invented or real.

Down the hills I come,
And up the hills I go;
Wander through the mountains high,
And through the vales below—
And yet, here comes the wondrous part,
I never move, although I start.

ANSWER: A road.

COLLAR STUDS.

"Whar you get dose studs, Sambo?"

"At de goldsmiffs."

"What dey cost?"

"Nuffin. Thar wuz a card above dem which sez 'Collar studs.' So I went in and collared dem."

FOR LOVERS.

Make two words out of the word "Enough," meaning not enough.

ANSWER: One hug.

CAUGHT.

BILL: "Since you saw me last I have undergone an operation."

ALGERNON: "Impossible! Why, we only met half-an-hour ago."

BILL: "Yes. But still, it's a fact. I have had a growth on my head removed."

ALGERNON: "Have you really! Was it very serious?"

BILL: "Oh, no, thanks! Only had my hair cut."

ALGERNON: "H'm, very funny. But that reminds me that I just met a man who has had a piece added on to one of his ears, and you can't see the join."

BILL: "I say, that's pretty clever, how was it done?"

ALGERNON: "Well, it's leap (y)ear, you see, so he gets one day more."

Q.: What is the difference between an oak-tree and a tight boot?
A.: One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache.

NOT ALWAYS.

MISS PERT (to three friends): "Which is correct—'Girls is' or 'Girls are'?"

MISS PRIM: "'Girls are,' certainly."

MISS PERT: "Well, girls, *are* my hat on straight?"

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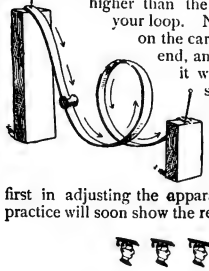
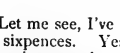
Looping the Loop.

Here is an excellent and a safe method of seeing a loop "looped." Cut a long strip of cardboard to the same width as the shaft of an empty cotton reel. Bend the cardboard into a loop, as shown in the diagram, and pin its two ends to any two objects, of which one must be considerably higher than the other. That is your loop. Now place the reel on the cardboard at its high end, and on releasing it it will roll down and successfully "loop the loop." The longer the "track" the better. Difficulty may be found at first in adjusting the apparatus exactly, but practice will soon show the required distances.





What Change had He?

Brown: "Can you give me change for a sovereign?"

White: "Let me see, I've got nothing but shillings and sixpences. Yes, I can just do it, but you won't guess how many of each you'll get."

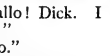
Brown: "Well, an even number of each, of course."

White: "Not at all, I shall give you one more sixpence than the number of shillings. Now can you guess?"

[It took Brown some little time to find out, see if you can do it.]

A Good Toast.

Here's a health to all those that we love.
Here's a health to all those that love us.
Here's a health to all those that love them that love those that love them that love us.



Does Your Mother Wash?

Tom: "Hallo! Dick. I say, does your mother wash?"

Dick: "No."

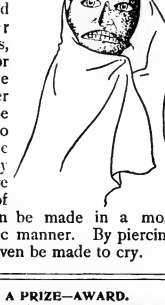
Tom: "She must get jolly dirty then."

Dick: "Oh! I mean yes."

Tom: "What, she takes in washing, does she?"

The Weird Old Man.

If, any day at dessert, you take an orange and carve out from the rind two eyes, a nose, and a mouth, decorating them in as realistic a manner as possible by inking in the pupils, nostrils, and teeth, a great deal of amusement can be given to the company by depicting with it the grimaces of a ruddy-faced old gentleman. After finishing the features, place a serviette or handkerchief over the head like a hood, under the chin, and drape it round so as to give the appearance of a body. Now, by squeezing the orange about, all sorts of comical grimaces can be made in a most amusing and realistic manner. By piercing the eye slits he can even be made to cry.



A PUZZLE AND A PRIZE—AWARD.

The Competition announced under this heading in the April Royal has produced a very large number of entries—and such a lot of misunderstanding! Poor "Mr. X" endeavoured to make it perfectly clear that the prize was offered for the best sentence constructed on the lines of the one given, not for the solution to that itself. Yet hundreds of "Persevere ye perfect men, ever keep these precepts ten"(s) poured in, accompanied by confident demands for the prize. "Mr. X" humbly apologises to all these, and will undertake to make himself even clearer another time. The genuine attempts were excellent, and a selection is given herewith.

The prize of Five Shillings goes to Mr. G. Finney, 11, Byron Road, Mill Hill, for the following, in which the letter O was omitted:

"To go or not to go
From Port? Short doom or slow?—
For both holds bold Togo."

Puzzle penknives are awarded to Miss Constance Foljambe 2, Carlton House Terrace, Pall Mall, S.W., Mr. J. Hickson, 4, Augustus Road, Hammersmith, W., and Mr. E. Ellis, 146, Bloxwhich Road, Walsall.

***Letter* A *omitted*:**

"A mad Astrakhan sprang war at Japan, can any man stand and watch Japan fall?"

"Gay lad and lass that stray afar—
At dayfall damp—all charm and chaff,
May rashly catch a bad catarrh
And mar my hasty paragraph."

***Letter* E *omitted*:**

"Were there ever perfect men, ye clever clergymen, tell me when?"

***Letter* I *omitted*:**

"Sits imbibing in his inn, his shillings slipping in insipid sin."

"Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
Whilst birds in wild swift vigil circling skim;
Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright
Night's virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light."

***Letter* O *omitted*:**

"Do not borrow from to-morrow,
Do no wrong so know no sorrow;
Fools who only look for gold,
Common comforts do not hold."

RESULTS.

An Egg Problem (*page* 342).—195 eggs.

What well-known Proverb is Expressed by: We is Do? (*page* 343).—Well begun is half done.

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Mother Moon's Latest Story about the Extraordinary Children, Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil. They Hunt a White Deer, and are Caught Themselves by Gipsies.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Now very often it happens that I am keeping an eye on the world, when nobody would imagine that I am up in the sky at all! It is very interesting to shine at night, when the sun has gone, and to guard all the people when they go to sleep: but it is even more interesting quietly to watch the world when everybody is busy admiring the sunset, without an idea that I am to be seen too.

I could tell you some very funny things about the times when I shine by day—how the sun, for instance, often tells me to be sure and see the end of some interesting affair that he would love to watch a little longer himself, if he hadn't to go to the other side of the world: or how angry it makes poor Venus to see me up and shining long before she can rise: but I expect you would rather hear about the Pyjama Kids.

The Pyjama Kids, you know, is my name for the two children who live in Essex, who call themselves Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil. I have given them this name because I nearly always see them asleep in their pyjamas—or playing games in their pyjamas when they *ought* to be asleep! But they were in sailor suits when this story happened: for, finding myself high in the sky one evening, I amused myself by seeing how they behaved in the day time: and I found them quietly riding their donkey up and down the drive that runs from the road to their house.

I must say they looked very sweet and good. Young Desperado Bill was leading the old donkey, and Laguna Lil was sitting on its back, as though such a thing as mischief had never entered their heads. But, perhaps, it was because they were dressed in sailor suits instead of in pyjamas that they looked so respectable, for I soon found out they were just as fond of adventure by daylight as by moonlight!

The drive where they were riding up and down runs through a park where are several herds of deer. The children were idly watching the pretty creatures as they ran about at play when suddenly one of them, a dainty white deer, leapt over the park palings, and began to run down the drive in front of the donkey.

At once Desperado Bill saw a chance of sport.

"Tally-ho!" he cried, lashing the donkey into a gallop. "Deer gone away. Hark forward, Lil! We'll go hunting!" and next moment donkey and children were racing down the drive at full speed in hot chase of the startled deer.

I watched in amazement. The deer kicked her dainty heels, headed for the open drive gate, and dashed into the road. The donkey came clattering through the gate after her, Laguna Lil clinging on for dear life, Desperado Bill cheering it forward as he ran by its side. The deer stopped for a moment when she reached the road, looked about her, and sniffed the air. Bill stopped the donkey, and clambered up on its back in front of Lil. Then the deer trotted off up the road.

"Tally-ho!" cried Bill, and sent the

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donkey trotting along after her at its best speed.

After a while the deer ran on to an open piece of common land: and here she thought she would stay, and have a quiet graze. But this did not suit Desperado Bill. He rode up, cracked his whip, shouted, waved. And then the deer set off, galloping in earnest, and soon was lost to sight among the bushes.

Bill was so surprised at seeing how fast the deer could run when she chose, that he felt half inclined to give up the hunt.

"She's gone now," he said. "What shall we do, Lil?"

"Find her," said Lil promptly. "Catch her, and take her home. We can't leave her out all night, Bill, can we?"

So they began to search the common for any trace of the lost white deer.

They hunted high and low, under every bush, thinking that the deer might have lain down to sleep. At last they came to a stream that ran by the end of the common.

"Better go home," said Lil. "Uncle George will be mad if we are late—'specially as he's been put in charge of us whilst mother's away. And nurse said——"

"*Tally-ho!*" cried Desperado Bill at this minute, suddenly spying the deer quietly feeding at the other side of the stream. "She's swum across," he cried. "We must follow, Lil, and catch her. Mother loves that white deer. She'd be ever so sorry if she were lost. Uncle George would say we were quite right to follow her. So come along, Neddy. You must swim us across the river——"

"But here's a bridge," cried Lil. "We'll all be drowned if we swim. Let's cross by the bridge."

"Tally-ho!" cried Bill again, as he put the donkey at the bridge, and charged down on the startled deer.

Then the hunt went on again, the young hunters keener than ever. Up and down hill trotted the deer, and hard behind her trotted the panting donkey, with every step going farther from home: until at last the deer headed up a quiet green lane, with high hedges on each side, and, as Bill and Lil saw to their delight, with a gipsy's van standing at the far end.

"*Now* we've got her," cried Bill. "We'll drive her up the lane, and shout to the gipsies to catch her. Forward, Neddy! Hi, there! Catch our deer will you? Hi! Hi! Hi!"

They shouted at the tops of their voices as they chased the deer up the lane; and their cries brought an old woman and a young man running out from the van.

Young Desperado Bill was leading the old donkey, and Laguna Lil was sitting on its back.

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"Help!" cried Bill to the man. "That's our deer—will you catch her, please?"

"Help!" cried Bill to the man. "That's our deer—will you catch her, please?"

"Ay, ay," answered the man, and running to pick up a rope, he crept towards the deer, and with a quick cunning throw, sent the rope curling round her head.

"That was a good throw," said Bill, as the donkey brought them alongside. "Thanks very much, my man, for catching her."

"Thanks," said Lil, peering round Bill's shoulder. "Mother will be so pleased."

"Bless my heart," cried the old woman, who had just come up. "You be a pretty pair of babies to go stag-hunting! Where do you come from and what's your names, my honeys?"

She patted the donkey, kissed the children, fussing about them as though they were her long lost babies.

"Now jump down from your pretty donkey, and come and take a cup of tea with old grannie. Jack," she said to the young man, "you tie up that stag safely, and take the little lady's and the little gentleman's donkey. Come with me, my dears—and bless your pretty hearts!"

Now I was truly alarmed when I saw the Pyjama Kids jump from their donkey, and march off with the old gipsy woman—holding her hands—towards her van. For, of course, I knew all about those gipsies. There were three of them—the old woman, her husband, and her son, Jack; and they lived by poaching, stealing, and begging. The old woman and her son had just come in from begging all about the country, and the husband had just gone out to poach some pheasants. I wished I could warn the Pyjama Kids to run off as fast as they could, not stopping for their donkey, or deer, or anything; but I could only watch them in fear as they walked up the steps that led to the van, while the man tethered up the deer, and hobbled the donkey by tying his feet.

Bill and Lil were so interested in the gipsies that they never noticed how late it was growing. The sun had quite set by now.

"Oh, yes," I heard the old woman saying in answer to a question of Lil's, "this van is our home, and we journey all about, up and down, everywhere through the country in it. How would you two little sweethearts like to be gipsies? How would you like to live with us in this van, my little dearies? Just step inside now, honeys, and rest yourselves and look round, while I boil the kettle for tea!"

Bill and Lil cried out with joy when they

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entered the van, and saw what a cosy little place it was, with its pretty curtains, its bright brass rails, its gay colours, and snug shelves and couches.

"I would like to live here always," said Bill, "and drive about everywhere."

"And so you shall if you like, my darling," said the old woman, "and you will stay too, little angel?" she asked, patting Lil's head.

"If you please," said Lil. "But what will mother say?"

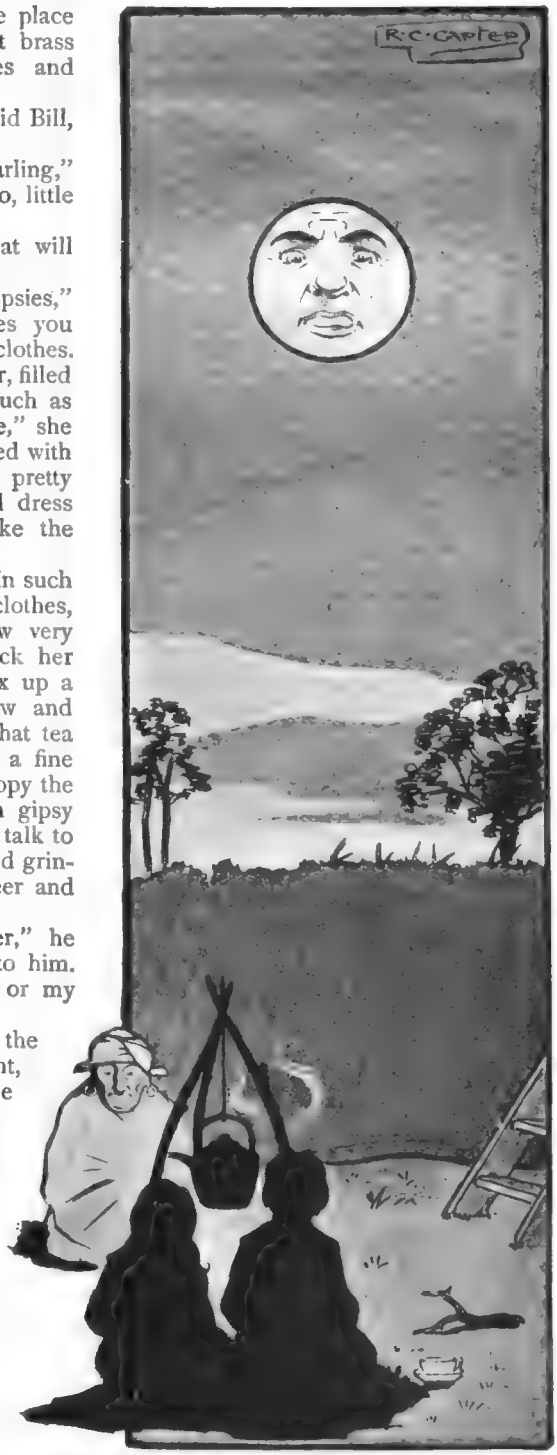
"Bless you, she would love you to be gipsies," said the old woman. "And fine gipsies you would make, dressed up in pretty gipsy clothes. Look ye here," and she pulled out a drawer, filled with rich silks, and gay handkerchiefs, such as gipsies love to wear: "And look ye here," she said again, pulling out another drawer, filled with flashing jewels and trinkets. "See the pretty things! Help yourselves my dears, and dress up if you choose, while I go and make the kettle boil."

The old woman, who spoke so nicely, in such a soft brogue, who dressed in such gay clothes, and who was so bad at heart, as I knew very well, then left the Pyjama Kids to ransack her drawers of finery: and I watched her fix up a kettle outside, on three sticks, every now and then calling out a cheery word, saying that tea would soon be ready, and how she had a fine pie to be eaten. And then, seeing how happy the children were, dressing themselves up in gipsy clothes, she went round behind the van to talk to her son Jack, who was smoking a pipe, and grinning to himself, as he looked after the deer and the donkey.

"A fine piece of venison here, mother," he cried out, as the old woman came up to him. "A fine pie you will make of this deer, or my name's not Jack!"

"And a fine donkey 'tis, too!" said the old woman. "We are in luck's way to-night, Jack. If only my old man would come back soon!"

She pulled out a short black pipe, and, squatting on the ground, began to smoke. Then they fell to whispering together in such low tones that I could not hear their words. The old woman grew very excited—now jerking her thumb towards the van where the children were playing with her trinkets, now pointing to the donkey or the deer. I knew well they were up to some mischief. I suspected they meant to kidnap the children, and to keep them until a big ransom was paid. And from what I had heard I was certain that they meant to kill and eat the white deer, and to steal and keep the donkey.



Then she heaped sticks on the fire and squatted down beside it . . . she watched the children and told them stories of the gipsies' life.

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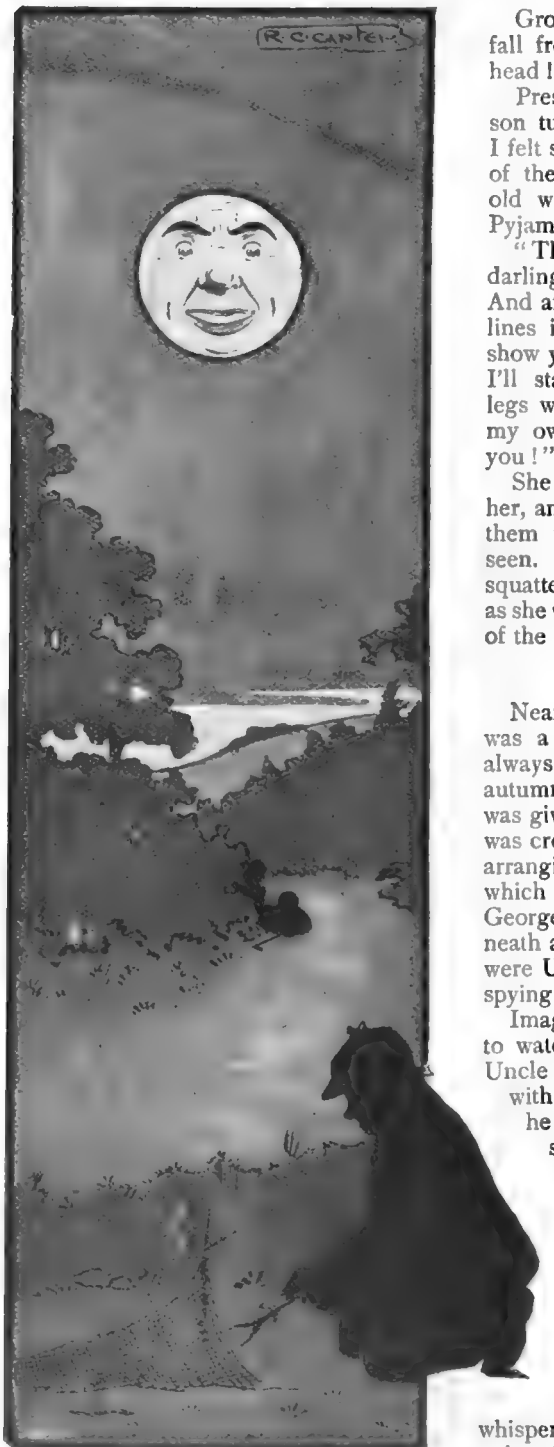

Her husband was crouching in a ditch outside this wood, busily arranging nets, wires, and traps of many kinds.

Growing more and more anxious, I longed to fall from the sky, and drop on the old woman's head!

Presently she rose, and put away her pipe. Her son turned on his heel, and strode off, doubtless, I felt sure, to try to find his father, and tell him of the strange things that had happened. The old woman went to the van, and called to the Pyjama Kids.

"The kettle's boiling," she cried. "Now, my darlings, come and have a cup of tea to warm you. And after that I'll tell you your fortunes by the lines in your hands, and then, my honeys, I'll show you how to dress up like real gipsies; and I'll stain your pretty faces and your arms and legs with walnut juice, till they are as brown as my own—so your own mother wouldn't know you!"

She made the children sit on the ground beside her, and poured them out cups of tea, and helped them to pieces of the largest pie they had ever seen. Then she heaped sticks on the fire and squatted down beside it—her black eyes glittering as she watched the children, and told them stories of the gipsies' life.

* * * * *

Near the house where the Pyjama Kids lived was a big wood, where their Uncle George always shot pheasants and partridges in the autumn. Just at the time when the gipsy woman was giving the Pyjama Kids their tea, her husband was crouching in a ditch outside this wood busily arranging nets, wires, and traps of many kinds, in which he hoped to bag a large number of Uncle George's birds. And close to the gipsy, underneath a bush in the wood, lying flat on the ground were Uncle George and four of his gamekeepers, spying on the poacher.

Imagine how exciting it was for Mother Moon, to watch with one eye the kidnapped charges of Uncle George taking tea with the old gipsy, and with the other eye to watch her husband as he prepared to snare Uncle George's pheasants under Uncle George's own eyes! How I longed to be able to advise Uncle George to frighten the man and to follow him, as he ran home to his van in the green lane, where the poachers could be then caught, and the children and the stolen donkey and the deer, which the gipsies intend to eat, could then be discovered!

Just as I was thinking this to myself, what should I overhear Uncle George whisper to the keepers but the very same plot—only, of course, he did not know anything about the Pyjama Kids, but thought they were safely at home in bed.

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"We'll just give the fellow a fright," whispered Uncle George, "and then we will follow him to his caravan if he runs, and catch the whole gang of thieves!"

Then he began to speak loudly so that the poacher should hear. You should have seen how he jumped and ran.

It was the funniest sight to see Uncle George at the head of his party hurrying along, now falling flat on his body as the poacher turned round to make sure he was not followed, now bending double and pursuing the man as fast as his fat legs would allow him! Puffing and panting, at last he came to the high hedge bounding the grass lane where the gipsies had encamped, just in time to see the gipsy poacher walk up the steps into his van.

The keepers surrounded the van. Uncle George marched up the steps after the poacher.

He pushed open the door, and looked in. Then he nearly fell off the steps in amazement.

For within the van, lying on a couch fast asleep, their fair heads lit by my soft beams of light, lay Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil.

"'Pon my word!" exclaimed Uncle George. And then he leapt on the gipsy poacher and knocked him down, and sat upon his head as he lay on the ground, while the keepers rushed up the steps and surrounded the old woman and her son.

The Pyjama Kids awoke with a start, and sat up on the couch rubbing their eyes.

* * * * *

In a little while Mother Moon was looking down on as strange a sight as she had ever seen on Mother Earth.

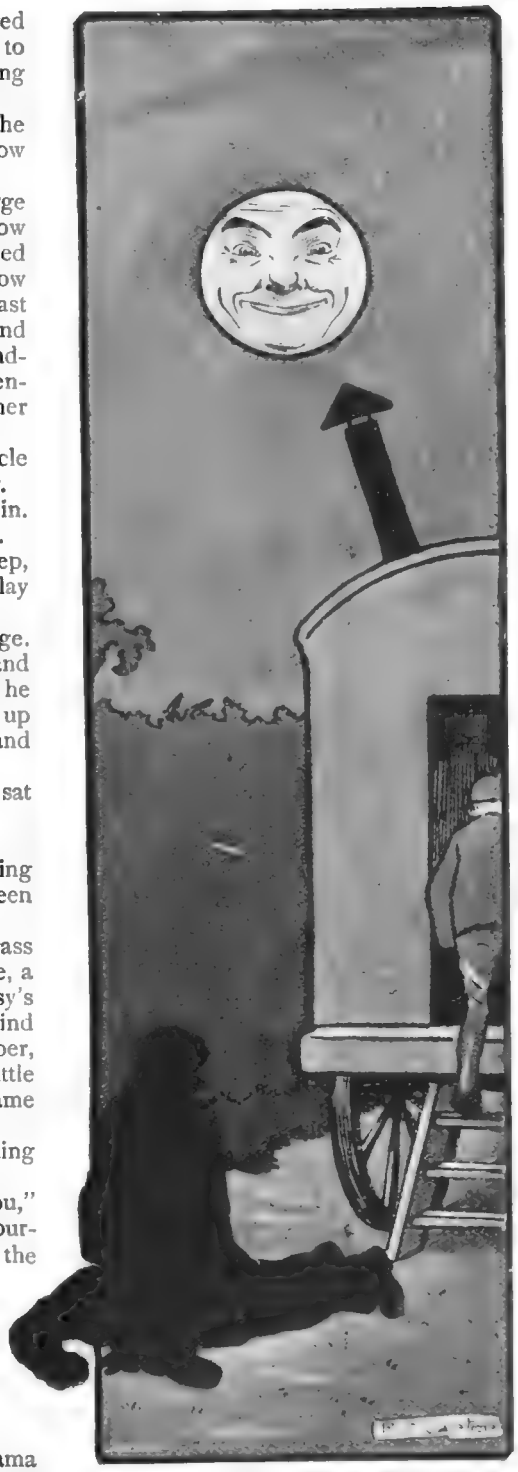
A procession was making its way up the grass lane. At the head of it strode Uncle George, a little girl wrapped in a brightly-coloured gipsy's blanket on his shoulder—Laguna Lil. Behind Uncle George marched his head gamekeeper, leading a donkey, on whose back sat a little boy—Desperado Bill. And another keeper came last, leading a pretty white deer.

Behind them two of the keepers were sending the gipsies about their business.

"The sooner you move on the better for you," I heard one of them say. "You may think yourselves lucky that we ain't marching you off to the lock-up at this moment! And so we would be, if it hadn't been for them children begging Master to let you off!"

"Bless their little hearts, then," said the old gipsy woman, while her husband and her son folded up the steps, and made all ready for the night journey they must make.

Meantime Uncle George, with the Pyjama Kids, the keepers, the donkey and the white deer, returned home, lit by my soft light.



Then he leaped on the gipsy poacher and . . . sat upon his head.

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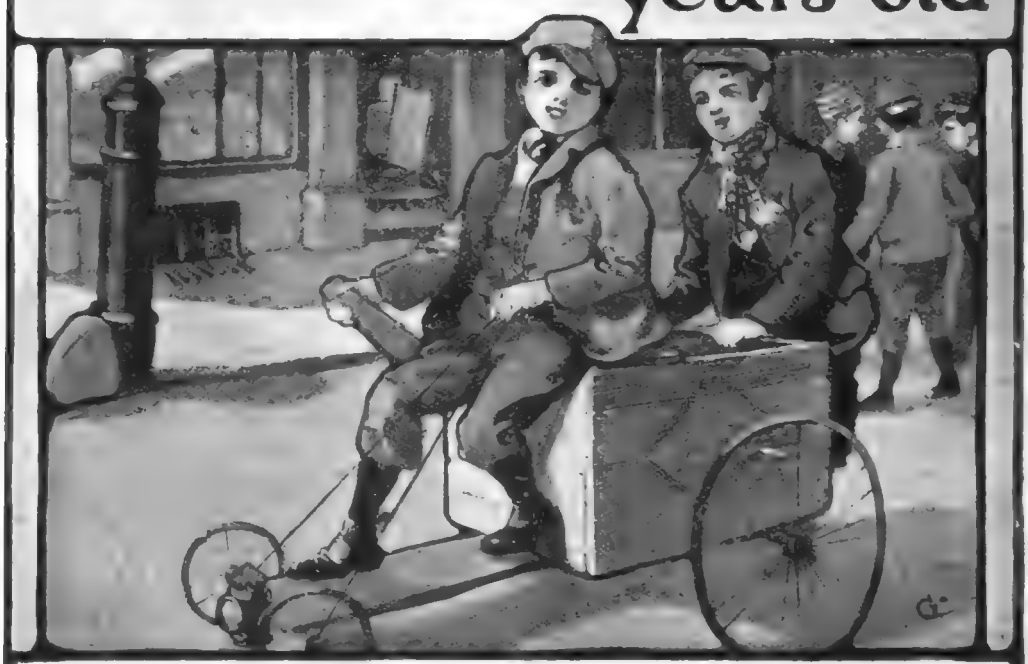
The MAN who is Twelve years old



There's a man that I know; and he lives near you
In a town called Everywhere;
You might not think he's a man from his hat
Or the clothes he may chance to wear;
But under the jacket with many a patch
Is a heart more precious than gold—
The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a boy,
A man who is twelve years old.

He only is waiting to wear the crown
That is already made for his brow;
And I pray that his mind will be always as clean,
His body as pure as now.
His heart always fresh, and sunny, and warm,
And free from Life's canker and mould,
And may he be worthy his waiting estate,
This man who is twelve years old.

We never may know what the future will make
Of the boys that we carelessly meet;
For many a statesman is going to school,
And Generals play in the street.
The hand that is busy with playthings now
The reins of power will hold;
So I take off my hat and gladly salute
The man who is twelve years old.

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A Comedy Courtship

A Story wherein Boiled Cabbage Brought About a Match.

By Una Hudson.

How, or when, or where, father made his fortune is immaterial—so far as the story is concerned.

Nor is it necessary that you should know the exact size of it in pounds, shillings and pence; but, lest you should be misled and class us as multi-millionaires, I will say that it was under a million.

Mother and the girls took to their altered circumstances like ducks to water. They put in their days shopping, and spent their nights planning what they would buy on the morrow, and then we began to squabble over where we were to live.

Finally, father decided the question.

"We've lived here in Dedam a good many years," said he. "Dedam was good enough for us when we were poor, so, now we are rich, we needn't be too good for Dedam."

That settled it. Father is a quiet man and does not talk much, but when he says a thing, he means it.

The house that we had built must have set the architect's teeth on edge. It represented no known style of architecture, but was a combination of pretty much everything from an Elizabethan mansion to a model villa.

The furniture matched the house, and was a wild jumble of things purchased from far Japan to Regent Street. But we liked it; and that was everything.

Still the arrangement of our furniture was not to be compared to some of the things we did while in the throes of trying to live up to our new wealth.

We imported a butler, as a matter of course, a large, solemn individual he was, and I shall never forget how, on his arrival, I shook hands cordially and offered to relieve him of his hat and coat.

Our cook was Irish, but her cooking was unmistakably French. Mother and the girls pretended to like the queer messes she concocted, and father always ate whatever was put before him whether he liked it or not.

But for my part, before a month had passed I grew to hate the very sight of sweetbreads and pâtés and cold salads.

I bore it as long as I could, and then I demanded a plain, old-fashioned "boiled dinner."

I wish you could have seen the faces of mother and the girls.

"What, boiled beef and cabbage and turnips in the dining-room!" They were horrified.

I ventured to remind them of the days when cabbage, and boiled cabbage at that, had been a staple article on our bill of fare.

"We ate boiled cabbage," said mother, "not because we liked it, but because it was cheap."

There was no disputing this statement.

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Our cabbages had not been merely cheap; they had cost us absolutely nothing, for we grew them in our back-garden.

Undeniably, we should have preferred an asparagus bed or some tomato plants, but our back-garden was peculiarly adapted to cabbages, and we were too poor then to let even the dirt in our back-garden go to waste.

"It's a great pity," said Edith, "that Hugh can't get rid of his plebian tastes."

"And what," chimed in Alice, "do you suppose Dorothy Foster would think if she were to come here and find *boiled cabbage* on our dinner table?"

The Fosters, it should be explained, were a recent acquisition to our little town, and were as unmistakably the "real thing" as we were gaudy imitations. From time to time I had vaguely surmised that we did many things we should not do, and left undone many things we should do, but until I met Dorothy I never realised how very short indeed were our shortcomings.

Dorothy was little and sweet and as dainty as a Dresden shepherdess, and by comparison made all other girls look large, and coarse, and overgrown. Edith and Alice unblushingly copied her hats and gowns, and imitated her little mannerisms, none of which, it must be confessed, became them very well.

They were wildly anxious that I should marry Dorothy, and so, for that matter was I; but I wasn't conceited enough to suppose for an instant that Dorothy would even consider having me, so I kept well in the background, and was idiotically happy whenever she seemed aware of my existence.

She was sweetly friendly with both my sisters, and I trusted to them to discover her likes and dislikes, that I might take note and adapt myself accordingly.

So when Alice intimated that Dorothy would not approve of boiled cabbage, I at once concluded that there must be something radically wrong with that innocent vegetable, and ceased to insist that it should appear on the family dinner-table.

But I was hungering for boiled cabbage, and there came a luckless day when Fate made it both easy and possible for me to yield to its charms.

Mother and the girls gave cook and the maids a holiday, and went up to Town on a shopping expedition. That left me alone with the butler, and he was easily disposed of.

Then I went out and bought a large piece of meat and a cabbage, and prepared to cook a lunch that would have filled my mother with horror.

I had things nicely under way, the fire going briskly and the cabbage and meat simmering in the pot, when the bell rang.

I answered it, and found—Dorothy. I forgot all about the cabbage, and took her into the drawing-room without any unnecessary delay.

I was afraid she would go away directly she found Edith and Alice were not at home, but she loosened her furs and pulled off her gloves and said she would wait long enough to get warm before leaving.

I went up into the seventh heaven of bliss with a celerity possible only to a man in love, and stayed there till an odour, faint, but unmistakable, began to permeate the room.

At first I ignored it, and hoped Dorothy would do the same. She did for a time, but presently she exclaimed: "Cabbage!"

"The—the people next door." I stammered helplessly, forgetting that our new house stood by itself, and that there were no "people next door," "must be cooking it for lunch. They—they do it sometimes."

"Indeed!" Dorothy murmured politely. "It smells, you know, as if it might be *your* cabbage."

"Oh, no, indeed," I said brazenly; "we don't have *cabbage* here, you know."

And I stood there wishing Dorothy to remain, but at the same time fearing that if she did she must inevitably discover my guilty secret.

"Is your cook at home?" she asked presently.

"No," said I, not understanding the drift of the question. "She's out for the day, and so are the maids."

"Then," said Dorothy, "it's a very good thing I happened to call She must certainly have left some cabbage on the fire. I'll just run out and see to it."

Twice I opened my mouth in a futile attempt to confess, and twice my courage failed me. It ended in my meekly following Dorothy to the kitchen.

She ran to the range and lifted the cover of the pot within which was boiling my precious cabbage.

I would gladly have crept into a crack in the kitchen floor, but my size prevented this, and I was meditating flight when Dorothy's voice arrested me.

"Why," she was saying, "cook must have left this for your lunch. How nice! I do like cabbage. We never have it because mamma doesn't like the way it smells when it is cooking. I think you are awfully selfish trying to keep all that lovely cabbage for yourself! If you don't invite me this instant to stop for lunch I'll invite myself."

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It wasn't five minutes before Dorothy had taken off her hat and jacket and enveloped herself in one of cook's aprons. Soon we were hunting up flour and salt and milk and various other things, for Dorothy declared that a boiled dinner without dumplings wasn't a boiled dinner at all.

"And mind you shut all the kitchen doors tightly," she ordered with dancing eyes. "For whatever would your mother say if she came home and found the whole house smelling of boiled cabbage, I'm sure I don't know."

Then, at Dorothy's suggestion, I set the kitchen table for two, for she has a sense of the everlasting fitness of things, and declared that boiled cabbage should *not* be eaten in a dining-room.

"And, anyhow," she said, beaming at me, "it's ever so much more cosy here than in that great barn of a dining-room."

"It's more than cosy," I said boldly; "it's quite *en famille*."

I was so lost in admiration of Dorothy's blush, which I thought quite the prettiest thing of its kind I had ever seen, that I quite neglected her dumplings, forgetting for the moment that I was there to eat cabbage, not to make love.

Dorothy reminded me. "*I* am hungry, she said, "even if you are not. And——"

I hastily began the discharge of such duties as commonly devolve upon the head of the family in connection with the serving of the dinner, while Dorothy, from her end of the table, busied herself with cups and saucers and put the all important question of "one lump of sugar or two?"

"I love to prowl around a kitchen," she remarked. "I suppose I was cut out for a poor man's wife."

"Do you know," I said, and said it quite boldly, "I rather fancied you were made to be *my* wife."

Dorothy's eyes sought her plate, and her pretty blush came back, this time several shades darker than it had been before.

"Two people so fond of cabbage as we are——" I pleaded.

"Should eat cabbage together all the rest of their natural lives," Dorothy finished.

And that is precisely what we decided to do.

Presently she exclaimed: "Cabbage!"

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HURRAH FOR BANK-HOLIDAY!

Hampstead Heath.

A Bird's-eye Glimpse of how Londoners Spend Bank-Holiday.

By Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis.

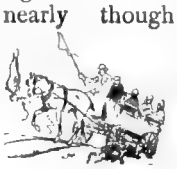
A fig for the churlish people who pretend not to enjoy Bank-Holidays!

When the days are long and the sun is bright and London goes junketing for a whole long day, there is an immense amount of pleasure to be obtained by watching one's fellow men and fellow women at play, and he must be a poor curmudgeon who is not glad that the lads and lasses still sing when they are light-hearted and dance when they feel feather-heeled and squeeze all the joy there is to be found out of life in the sunshine and the open air!

Let us, you and me, amuse ourselves by going, as the heroes of the Arabian Nights' did, invisibly from point to point, round London. We will have no Oriental carpet as our conveyance, but the most modern type of airship.

Let us up and away very early and watch the gathering of the cockney force on Hampstead Heath, the great playground of the north of London.

We arrive at our destination. Northward lies the real country, green fields and tall trees and hedge-rows of dog-roses and blackberry brambles. The footpaths that run in snaky curves down the hill skirting the clumps of gorse lead to Child's Hill, and that road goes to Golders Hill, which was bought for nearly forty thousand pounds in order that you and I and all the rest of the people of London should enjoy its beauties, and that it should not be handed over to the jerry builder. Behind us London lies in a light mist, its steeples and domes showing dimly in the light of the morning.



Mark the early comers, all of whom have something to sell or to hire to the holiday makers. That horsey-looking man in the light trousers, and with his hat well on the back of his head, is an owner of those riding horses which the lad in the cloth cap is now bringing on to the heath, riding one and leading three, after the approved military fashion. They are not very spirited-looking animals, but your lad and your lass out for a holiday do not want to be kicked or bucked off, and you can flourish a whip and behave generally in a devil-may-care manner when you know that your steed will do nothing more dangerous than break into a gentle canter.

They are well fed, however, as their owner will tell you. "Each one of them 'osses eats more oats than a nobleman's 'unter" is his way of putting it, and they require it, for they have a long and hard day's work before them trotting and cantering over the heath.

There like a flock of sheep come trotting up a clump of donkeys, the donkey boys, some in the saddle, some running behind, as though they expected not to have enough exercise during the day. Here is a flower-girl in a straw hat, and the shawl without which she never appears, summer or winter. She has carried

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Nine o'clock in the morning at Shepherd's Bush. The electric cars are crowded inside and outside with "trippers" bound to Kew Gardens, and other popular places along the line.

her tray of roses straight from Covent Garden.

Now appear the men, Italian mostly, with ice-cream barrows, one pulling and one pushing at their wheeled counter bright with paintings of sea-fights and generals in crimson uniforms.

Here a belated "'oos for a coker-nut" couple, with their long poles and blankets, and cocoanuts, and short sticks, drive up in a pony cart. Over the crest of the hill this pair go to take up a pitch on some wayside patch of grass land.

The old blind beggar with a tangled beard and his dog, which holds the handle of a little bag in his mouth, are earlier arrivals than we are, and are already established by the wayside. From the bottom of the hill where the road curves down towards Highgate comes the sound of a steam organ, which tells that the show folk have all taken up their positions over-night.

A vendor of socialistic literature, an African with a tray of sweetmeats, two "niggers" with banjo and tambourine, an organ-grinder and his monkey, a peep-show man, a curious survival of the past, and sellers of fruit go past us

On the road to Hampstead Heath. All are journeying thither, decked out in their "Sunday best," and pausing every now and then before the tempting side-stalls that line the approach.

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each making for his own particular "pitch," by the Spaniards Road, or under some clump of trees, or by some pathway.

Outside Jack Straw's Castle, the inn where travellers to London used in the old days to call a halt for a brush and a stirrup-cup and, perhaps, a change of coats before they started down the long road to London, a man in shirt sleeves is strewing the ground with red sand and a group of ostlers stand ready to run to horses' heads.

The holiday makers begin to arrive. First a father, a clerk in some office to judge from the well-worn elbows of his coat, and two little boys and a little girl. The father has a bowler hat set rakishly on one side of his head and a purple tie instead of the silk hat and quiet neck ware he adopts, I am sure, on ordinary days of his life in the City. The two little fellows are in cricketing caps, the little girl has thin legs and a diminutive pig-tail of yellow hair. They carry a basket with their lunch in it and go over the rise down towards Finchley.

Now the lads and lasses come in couples and groups. Some of them are already in high spirits and more than one has already bought a paper feather to decorate his or her hat. Before the day is out there will be an interchange of headgear and Tom will, at nightfall, go down Fitzjohn's Avenue with Harriet's plumed trophy on his head singing some music-hall song.

There is much consultation at the top of the hill as to what the amusement of the morning is to be, horse rides, donkey rides, a walk in the country all being advocated, and the groups break up, the couples going their own ways.

In pony-traps and waggonettes, sometimes with a cornet player, or the possessor of a concertina sitting by the driver, the good citizens come now in their scores and the ostlers are busy at the inn. The dust rises from the long, white road on the crest, there are shouts and laughter from the riding-parties and the strident sound of steam organs tempered by the distance.

"Walk up! Walk up! Front seats, twopence; boxes, the same price. Come and see the 'Livin' Pitchers!'" An up-to-date side-show.

The bicyclists come toiling up the hill, hunching their shoulders, and start northwards down the slope at the speed of express trains. They are off through Chipping Barnet somewhere on one of the great north roads.

The sun is halfway up the heavens by now and if we are to do our round of suburban gaiety in a day we must be off and away.

Shall we fly east or west?

Yonder shimmer as of diamonds away

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"Oos for a coker-nut? Only a penny a shot." Half-a-mile of cocoa-nut shies at Hampstead Heath.

there to the North-East is the Alexandra Palace, which, with its "side-shows," its great slopes of turf, its little lake with a show ground alongside it, is to North London what the Crystal Palace is to the South.

Already the paths are dotted with moving humanity, and I should be surprised if there were not to be a pastoral play in the grounds during the afternoon, and fireworks in the evening.

There, beyond the palace, almost on the horizon, like a shadow on the sea of fields and bricks and mortar, is Epping Forest.

Were we to fly there we should find the girls from the match manufactories, and from the great feather houses of the East-end, and the mechanics from Waltham Abbey, enjoying themselves in the woodland, or rowing on the Connaught Waters.

Some there may be who will seek out the mounds which mark the spots where Boadicea and Suetonius pitched their camps. There will be picnics galore under the trees, and probably the afternoon will be ended by a dance in the great ball-room which the Queen's Pavilion, attached to the Forest Hotel, forms.

Let us, however, forego the delights of the Muswell slopes and the Epping glades, and turn the prow of our air-ship eastwards.

That forked piece of water shining yonder is the Brent Reservoir, and that group of houses on its bank is the Welsh Harp, which Chevalier tells us in song is "'Endon wai." There, in its grounds, are all manner of delights, swings and roundabouts, and arbours for drinking of the tea, and there are boats of

There is nothing so exciting as a really high swing on the Heath.

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A glimpse of the darkest side of the Heath—the Ambulance Station. Here anyone overcome by the heat and excitement of the day is conveyed and promptly receives medical attention.

all kinds on the lake, from the great pinnace which will hold an excursion party to the little canoe which scarcely contains a full-grown man.

Let us alight, invisible by the road, and watch some of the fun that is going on.

Here come a couple of costers, each with his lady by his side, racing in their donkey-carts. The little animals they drive are admirably kept and groomed, and the rosettes at their ears show that a coster is as careful of the adornment of his donkey as he is of his own person. Look at the lines of pearl buttons on the men's trousers, "cut saucy over the trotters," and on their coats, and listen to the stream of good-natured chaff that they exchange with their kind as they drive along.

Now a sporting publican with a bit of blood between the shafts of his high dog-cart, and a lady beside him who wears a vast amount of jewellery go past at a spanking pace, the horse lifting his knees almost to his nose, and here are more costers, and bicyclists, off to Elstree and Stanmore and Watford.

With a "whup-whup-whup" a great red motor-car, the two men in it with goggles on, the ladies with veils tied round their heads, slips through the traffic and every coster has some novel shaft of chaff to hurl at the *chauffeur*.

Amusing as the Edgware Road is we must not linger too long, for the sun is overhead and it is the hour of lunch.

As we fly high in the air we can see the school children trooping into the long refreshment sheds in Wembley Park where the stump of the great tower, which was to rival the Eiffel pinnacle in Paris, is a majestic structure though it is unfinished.

Southward we turn and the Thames flashes into view as a long waving ribbon. Due east the dot of white on a field of green is a windmill on Wimbledon Common.

We are in picnic land and can take our choice whether we will eat our lunch amidst the fern, or by a lake side, or under the shade of the great trees.

Before we turn the prow of our good ship eastward and southward we must spend some portion of the early afternoon in the beautiful gardens of Hampton Court Palace, and wander through the rooms of the stately old house looking at the pictures.

The coach horns ring out before we fly onwards for we are on one of the great coaching roads now, and at the Mitre and the Greyhound the teams are being changed. Note how the touch of scarlet mixes here and there with the pepper and salt, pinks and blues, and greys of the holiday crowd. Cavalry are quartered at Hampton Court; there is the glint of steel and brass, and the trumpet call throws in its deep notes sometimes, calling to stables, while the guards on the coaches shrill out "Who'll buy a broom?"

Look due east and over the miles of streets of small houses, and the maze of railway lines rise two glittering towers, slim as the minarets of a mosque, and between them lies a long roof of glass, twinkling in the hot rays of the afternoon sun.

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A quiet, but pleasant, fashion of spending Bank Holiday. Watching the aquatic sports at Wembley Park.

It is the Crystal Palace, which, with its vast grounds, and its scores of amusements under its great transparent curve, is now the especial playground of Southern London.

Here we see the people in their thousands, of all ages and all classes. There a band of boys and girls from a great pottery factory are forming a circle to play "kiss in the ring"; there the members of a workman's club with their wives, prosperous ladies with long gold earrings and cameo brooches, and their offspring, mostly munching buns of which each has a bag-full, are tramping the paths in a compact little procession going from sight to sight.

Here are the Sons of the Phœnix with gorgeous scarves and battle axes, and somewhere else in the grounds we shall find the Oddfellows and the Foresters with brass bands and scarves and regalia. The Ancient order of the Buffaloes I daresay are represented also.

It is a crowd that defies classification for in it are all the men of the old nursery rhyme, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, 'pothecary, ploughboy—only the policeman takes care that the thief shall be eliminated—and their wives and their children, and their sweethearts are there also.

The sun sets slowly, and as darkness creeps on men are busy around the long lines of scaffolding on the great terrace. Suddenly against the purple sky a fiery-tailed rocket which has hissed up from earth bursts into a shower of white lights and shows on banks and terraces and galleries a vast crowd, a mass of faces upturned towards the wonders in the heaven. There is more to come, but we will not wait for these as our day has already been a long one. Turning our airy vessel's head towards home we will skim over the city, and, marking the glow where Greenwich edges the Thames with lights, drop down once more to visibility in the centre of the world of London.

Bank Holiday-makers watching a "pick-up" side playing cricket at Regent's Park.

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Photo by Pierce & Co., California.

Inside a corral or enclosure for catching jack rabbits in California. Ten thousand dead rabbits are shown lying within.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor Invites All ROYAL Readers to Contribute to these Pages.

A JACK RABBIT DRIVE.

THE jack rabbit, as it is called, is the native hare of California. Increasing rapidly, it has become a pest to the country, and elaborate measures have to be taken to keep down its numbers.

The most effective method of capturing these swift-footed animals is to build a corral. A close fence forms the corral, which is about 500 yards square, with a wide entrance for receiving the rabbits at one end.

The hunters come out, some mounted, some on foot, and all armed with sticks. Shouting their loudest they beat the bushes, out of which the rabbits flee before them, and towards the wide mouth of the enclosure.

In the photograph is shown the trap-end of the corral crowded with ten thousand rabbits that have just been driven in and killed. The enormous quantity of these animals that abound in California may be judged from the result of this one drive which netted in spoil ten thousand jack rabbits.

By permission of the "Scientific American."

A little boy decorated with nineteen live fence and pine-tree lizards. The photograph was taken to show that these little reptiles are perfectly harmless.

NOT A FANCY COSTUME.

THIS little boy looks as if he were dressed in the most extraordinary print suit imaginable. But he is not, really. Neither is his hat decorated with stuffed reptiles in the fashion that ladies bedeck their headwear with birds.

No, the creepy creatures that cling to his jacket, and sprawl themselves out on the brim of his sailor hat, are all alive. They are small lizards and—although some people declare it to be otherwise—are perfectly harmless.

No animals are so easily tamed as lizards. When caught in the hand they seldom try to escape. Placed on one's clothes they rarely try to escape, but remain in the same position for a long time.

The father of the little "reptile charmer" shown in the illustration had this photograph taken in the hope it would prove that pine-tree and fence lizards are perfectly harmless. But even in spite of this demonstration many people declared the experiment to be not unmixed with danger.

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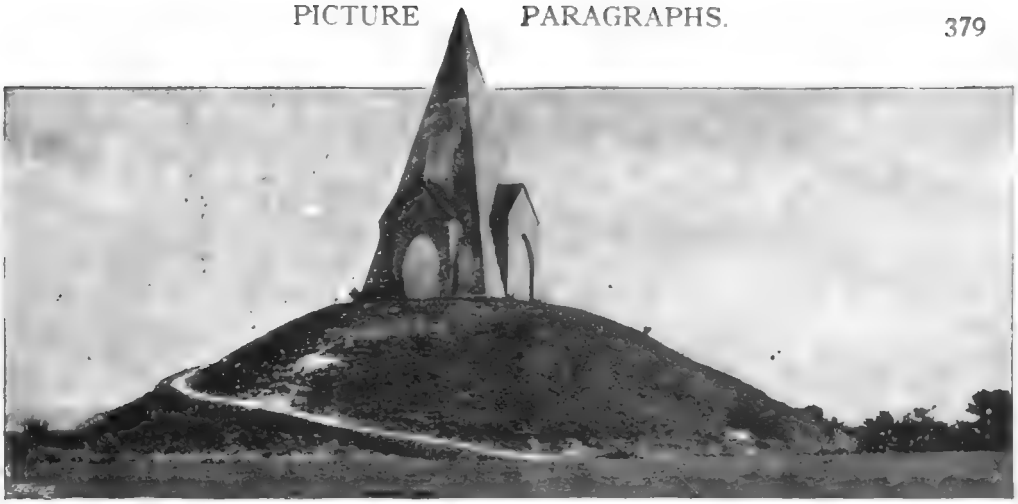


Photo, H. C. Shelley.

A monument erected at Farley, in Hampshire, over the remains of a celebrated hunter, that in 1734 won the Hunters' Plate.

A BIBLE THAT NO MAN CAN READ.

THE Bible stands pre-eminently as the one book that is translated into more tongues than any other book has been.

Besides, the Bible is unique in that one of its editions is at the present moment unreadable by any human being.

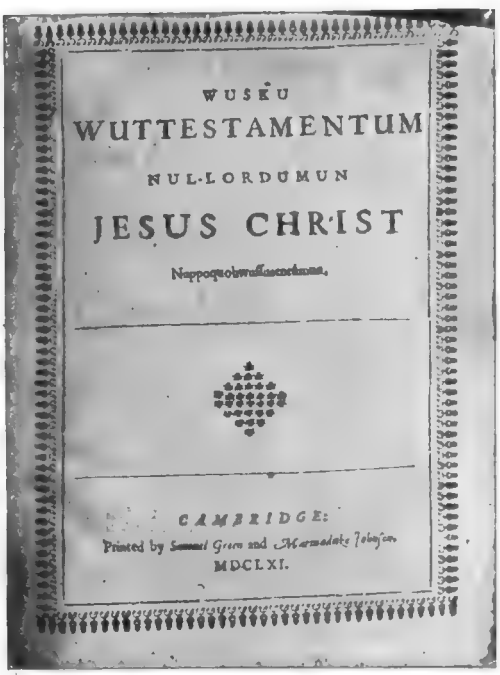
This extraordinary translation is known as "John Eliot's Bible," or more commonly, "The Bible" which no one can read.

John Eliot was a missionary, who, after years of patient study, succeeded in rendering the Red Indian language in writing. Having translated the Bible into their tongue, he published it in 1661.

Unfortunately, the tribe of Red Indians rapidly disappeared before the ingress of the white man, until now not one remains that can read this Bible.

In all, three thousand copies were printed; but only a hundred are known to be in existence.

The photograph shows the title-page of one of John Eliot's Bibles.



WUSKU
WUTTESTAMENTUM
NUL-LORDUMUN
JESUS CHRIST
Nappoquohwussenehmun.

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson.
MDCLXI.

The title-page of the Bible translated into the language of a tribe of Red Indians, by John Eliot. Now no man can read this Bible, as the tribe has died out of existence.

A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF A HORSE.

No other nation in the world is more fond of animals than the British. Many a Briton's garden has its little white-tombed spot, marking the last resting place of some faithful pet.

But probably no finer monument has ever been erected over the remains of a redoubtable "hunter" than that at Farley, in Hampshire.

On the north side of the monument is a doorway giving entrance to the interior, and above this is a tablet inscribed thus:

"Underneath lies buried a horse, the property of Paulet St. John, Esq., that in the month of September, 1733, leaped into a chalk-pit twenty-five deep, a-fox-hunting with his master on his back, and in October, 1734, he won the Hunters' Plate on Worthing Downs, and was rode by his owner, and entered in the name of 'Beware Chalk Pit.'"

It is truly a noble monument.

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CAP AND BELLS

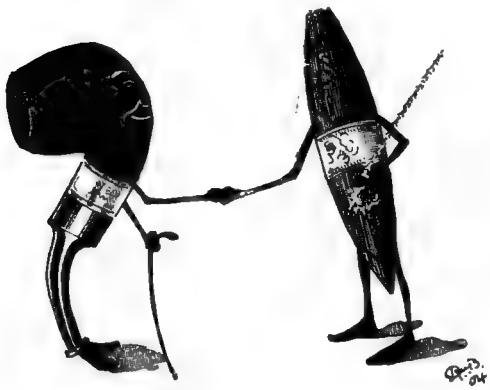
POOR PAPA!

TOMMY (studying his lesson): "I say, papa, where does the Missouri rise, and into what sea does it empty?"

PAPA: "I don't know, my son."

TOMMY: "You don't know, eh? And to-morrow the master will cane me on account of your ignorance!"

* * * * *



Cigar: "Hullo, old man, you're looking very fit. How do you feel?"

Pipe: "First rate, my boy, getting stronger every day."

TOO MUCH UNANIMITY.

"Oh! Algy, don't you think that handsome Miss Brown is the nicest girl in the world?"

Algy smiled indulgently.

"Why, yes, of course, May," he replied, "if you think so."

"And her eyes! Oh! don't you think they are splendid?"

"Very."

"And hasn't she the prettiest little mouth, and the dearest little face?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And such a beautiful complexion! And what hair!"

"Very beautiful."

"And, then, isn't she graceful, and doesn't she waltz divinely?"

"Oh, yes."

"And isn't she the sweetest, sweetest girl you ever saw?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And don't you think she knows an awful lot, and oh—o——?"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, May?"

"Oh—o! I—thought—you—loved—me—best—Algy!"

"Why, so I do."

"W—e—l—l, then, how can you bear to talk so ab—about—the—that—hor—horrible — ugly Brown girl?"

* * *

HOW TO TELL A GOOD NOVEL.

A writer lets out a secret about the way young women read novels. It was in the 'bus, and two girls were talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," said one. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves I don't have it, but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin I know it's all right and take it, and start to buy sweets to eat while I read it."

Old Gentleman: "Wai-waiter, I ca-can't eat this fowl."

Waiter: "Whatever's the matter, sir?"

Old Gentleman: "Why, I knew this fow-fowl when I was a lit-little boy! It used to fee-feed out o' my hand, and I lov-loved it!"

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HER REASON.

MAUD: "They say that Charley is awfully sweet on you."

CLARA: "No, nonsense! I wouldn't be seen in his company."

MAUD: "I suppose that is the reason you always turn the light down when he calls."

* * *

A PESSIMIST.

BOBBY: "Papa, what is a pessimist?"

PAPA: "A pessimist is a person who can't enjoy his dinner to-day because he is afraid the coffee may be muddy to-morrow."

* * *

"What are you writing?" asked the Frenchman.
"Just dropping a line to my governor, wishing him many happy returns of the day," replied the Sophomore.
"Why, is this his birthday?"
"No: pay day. He sent me a cheque this morning."

WHAT A BRUTE!

DISTRESSED YOUNG MOTHER (travelling with a crying infant): "Dear me! I don't know what to do with this baby."

KIND AND THOUGHTFUL BACHELOR (in the next seat): "Shall I open the window for you madame?"

* * *

THE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

TEACHER: "Come here, Johnny. Who helped you with your lesson?"

JOHNNY: "Nobody didn't help."

TEACHER: "Be careful and tell the truth. Didn't Willie Jones help you?"

JOHNNY: "No, sir. He didn't help me. He did it all by himself."

* * * * *

THAT WOULD NEVER DO.

"There is one great objection to electing women as representatives of the people."

"What is that?"

"Complications would arise should they pair with the masculine members."

* * *

WHERE HE FAILED.

He's a man of vast achievements
In a dozen various fields;
There is grandeur, there is pathos
In the facile pen he wields.

He has written noble poems
And produced successful plays,
And his *fin de siècle* novel
Has commanded public praise.

He has won respect in science,
Having made a chart of Mars;
He invented a contrivance
Once for ventilating cars.

By his own unaided efforts
He has earned a pile of pelf,
But he scored a dismal failure
When he tried to shave himself.

Helen: "Your fiancé waltzed five times with me last night."
Ethel: "Yes, the dear boy is so kind to girls without partners."

ENGLISH IMPROVED.

COUNT LUBVILOLE (referring to a duel): "Ah, *mon ami*, he really snowed ze blows of sword on his adversaire!"

HIS ENGLISH HOST: "Of course, you mean 'rained blows,' Count?"

COUNT L.: "*Non, non, mon ami*, see you, it vas a ver' cold day."

* * * *

Mary had a little hen,
'Twas feminine and queer;
It laid like smoke when eggs were cheap,
And stopped when eggs were dear.

* * * *

A woman is never so unreasonable as when she gives her reasons.

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WHAT INNOCENCE.

YOUNG WIFE: "When my husband gets cross I always threaten to go home to my mother."

OLD WIFE: "Mercy, child; how simple you are! You should threaten to invite your mother to come to you!"

* * * *

VIVE LA POLITESSE.

Miss Haughton: "Monsieur de Luc, pray explain yourself. What did you mean by shrugging your shoulders at the dinner-table, when I told them that mot I made was original."

Mons. de Luc: "Ah, mademoiselle did not see. Zat was ze great compliment, mademoiselle. Zat was to say mademoiselle do not look ze centenarian."

WHAT A PITY!

NEW OFFICE BOY: "A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

EDITOR: "What did you say to him?"

NEW OFFICE BOY: "I told him I was sorry you weren't in."

* *

A SUGGESTION.

MRS. SPENDEM (trying on a new bonnet): "Dear me, how small the bonnets are this season. This doesn't suit my face at all; it's such a little thing."

MR. SPENDEM (examining paper): "Better wear the bill, that seems big enough."

* * * *

WOULDN'T IT BE JOLLY!

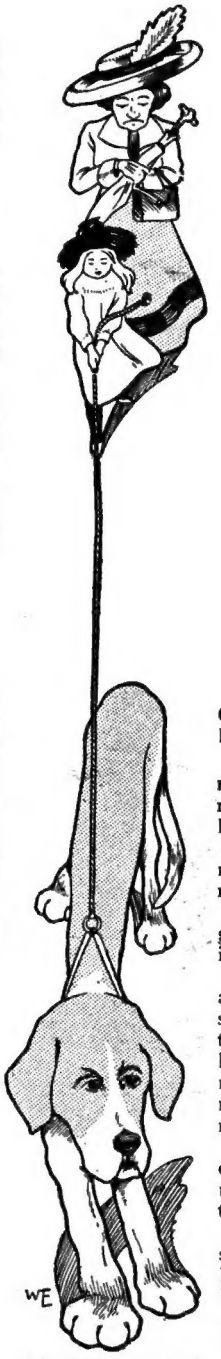
Oh wouldn't it be jolly
If cakes and ale were mine
On all and every livelong day—
Oh wouldn't it be fine!

To smoke the pipe of fragrance;
To dance before the sign
Of all and every village inn—
Oh wouldn't it be fine!

To clink our mugs together,
Beneath the mellow pine,
And sing among the merry woods—
Oh wouldn't it be fine!

To gather friends around us
To laughter and to dine
And make the hilltops ring again—
Oh wouldn't it be fine!

***Ah*—wouldn't it be jolly**
If cakes and ale were mine
And I were really not a girl—
Oh wouldn't it be fine!



CLEVER DOG!

Mother: "I wonder what makes that dog afraid of me? He always behaves as if I were going to kill him."

Little Daughter: "I expect he's seen you whipping me."

A ROLLING STONE.

A Monologue.—By F. Clifford Harris.

I am a rolling stone—I come—I go,
A few acquaintances I know
And, maybe, just a friend or two;
But they are few—they're very few,
Their friendship I've no wish to test.
Who knows?—they may be like the rest,
When storm clouds gather they will shun
A rolling stone.

My lot has been proverbial for no moss
I've gathered: that I count no loss;
Some must drink deeply of life's cup,
Some lose, and others gather up.
I've liv'd and lost—but I have *lived*
While others stayed at home and thrived.
And still I live, tho' all alone,
A rolling stone.

I once knew friendship, once I had a friend
Whom luck or circumstance could not offend;
We were inseparable, true
As still to one another too,
He stuck to me—I stuck to him,
My faithful chum, my old dog Jim.
By old Jim's grave—a mourner—one—
A rolling stone.

* * * *

CHANGED HIS MIND.

"You were never married, I believe?"

"No; I was never married."

"That's singular, isn't it?"

"No; not at all. You see, the first time I fell in love I said to myself, 'I'll marry her or none.'"

"Why didn't you marry her then?"

"Well, you see, after I had become better acquainted with her, I said to myself, 'I'll marry none rather than her.' Since then I've got on very well with none."

Mamma: "What is the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?"

Willie: "No."

Mamma: "Didn't you get enough to eat?"

Willie: "Yes, but I didn't get too much."

* * * *

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

ARTIST: "Oh, you think the background's 'beastly,' do you? Perhaps the cattle are 'beastly,' too, though I flatter myself——"

FRIENDLY CRITIC: "Oh, no, my dear fellow! That's just what they are not."

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A · MEMORY

When Jones was in the Lower School
And I was in the Upper
I used to manage as a rule
To confiscate his supper.

An irritating kid was Jones,
Thin, snivelling and surly.
It was a joy to crack his bones
For I was strong and burly.

He'd pocket money by the ton
And subject to coercion
Presented me, as I had none,
With the entire reversion.

He won a first rate alley taw
With which he used to dally;
I fancied it—he tried to jaw—
Enough!—I took that alley.

Time passed; term followed term,
and though
To scholarships elected
My youthful frame refused to grow
As much as was expected.

When, strolling in the Quad one day,
Perusing "Burke on Bones"
A strapping chap stood in my way
And simply said: "I'm Jones."

He towered above me by a head
I felt my face turn yellow—
But smiling cheerily, I said:
"How *do* you do, old fellow!"

He answered "Thanks, I'm stronger now."
I sniggered at his sally
Till he remarked with lowering brow:
"*I've come to fetch my alley.*"

In what ensued I must maintain
Jones showed a savage zest.
I think he got his own again
With compound interest.

J. Pope.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Don't Miss this Page, Whatever You Do.

CONAN DOYLE'S COLLABORATOR.

I suppose there is scarcely one of my readers who has not read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles," that King of detective stories—the most thrilling yarn which has appeared since Wilkie Collins wrote "The Woman in White." Perhaps it will come as news to some of you that Sir A. Conan Doyle wrote this novel in collaboration with Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, himself a genius in the art, which so few writers possess, of telling a story that you *must* finish at a sitting, even though it should run to a few hundred thousand words.

Photo, Lafayette.

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson who collaborated with Sir A. Conan Doyle in "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Well, I hear that we shall all soon have an opportunity of testing Mr. Robinson's skill. The Editor of THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE tells me that she has been fortunate enough to secure a series of detective stories from his pen, the first of which will appear in the August number. "And what's this first story to be called?" I asked. "'The Terror in the Snow,'" she replied. That'll do for me: "The Terror in the Snow," by the part author of "The Hound of the Baskervilles!" I feel my hair bristling already and cold shivers running down my spine.

Anyhow, on the first of August I'll secure a copy of THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE or die for it!

IN HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD.

When readers write to me about THE ROYAL their letters are, I am happy to say, generally complimentary—but not always. Sometimes I receive severe criticisms, but these I am naturally not so loquacious about as the compliments. However, here's the story of one of these letters. The boys of one of our largest public schools objected to the contributions of a certain old contributor and told me so in very straight language, adding that if the contributions did not cease forthwith they would cease to patronise THE ROYAL.

I replied appealing to their better feelings; I told them that the contributor in question, a man well stricken in years, had been made very miserable by their harsh strictures.

The answer was prompt. The fatuity of the criticised contributions, they said, was fully explained away by the fact that their aged author, Mr.—, was in his second childhood. This being so they would still take in THE ROYAL and endeavour to endure his twaddle.

But finally they thought better of the whole business and sent Mr.— a basket of strawberries. So all parties were satisfied.

NEW HOLIDAY SCHEME.

Here's an idea for those in search of a novel way of spending their holidays. The Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is bringing out a series of articles on "Historic Monuments of Britain," the second of which, a description of the Roman Wall, appears in the August number.

Now wouldn't it be an excellent idea to spend a holiday visiting as many of these historic remains as you can in a fortnight?

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